THE

# MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

# AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. II.] FEBRUARY, 1800. [No. 2.

## *ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.*

### *Thoughts on the Probable Termination of Negro Slavery in the United States of America.*

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

IN the five Atlantic southern States, according to the last enumeration, there were about eleven hundred and sixty thousand free inhabitants, and six hundred and thirty thousand negro slaves. A man of an inquisitive temper can hardly fail of turning often in his mind, a fact of so much importance, and endeavouring to trace the consequences that may hereafter flow from so considerable a distinction in the complexion and privileges of the people of those States.

It may, in the first place, be observed that the *free* are to the *slaves* in a less proportion than *two* to *one:* that of the whole number of people, *more* than *one third* are destitute of any right of property, except in their score or two of cabbages or turnips planted in their lord's ground, and in the few trinkets with which they bedeck themselves and their wives upon holidays; are destitute of the benefits of education; have never been supplied with moral or religious principles, and are bound to the service of masters who buy and sell them like cattle, and on whom they depend for shelter, food, cloathing, and the employment of their time, just as the mules and oxen are dependant.

Those States differ from the least civilized parts of Europe in various respects. The free-born in Livonia and Ingria are not, in general, so well instructed as the free-born of Virginia and the Carolinas: but the *serfs* enjoy higher privileges than the *negroes;* partake the religion of their masters; are connected not with the person, but with the land; have more extensive rights of property; enjoy more exemptions from labour, and are less restrained in chusing, retaining and governing their habitation and their families. The number of serfs, moreover, is proportionably less than that of *negroes.* The comparison, therefore, is somewhat to the disadvantage of this part of our country.

One difference between Europeans and us is particularly remarkable. The serfs are of the same stock with their lords. They sprung originally from the same soil; they

vary, in consequence of education, opinion, and acquired habits, but not in form, lineaments, and *hue*, from each other. With us, circumstances are widely different. In that conspicuous property of colour, we and our slaves are not different, but opposite; our badges of distinction are black and white. In shape and lineaments the diversity is very great.

If we look away from the present to the future, and reflect upon the consequences likely to take place in the gradual progress of time, by reason of this difference of rank and privileges of the people, we shall, perhaps, concur in forming the following conjectures:

1. As no more slaves are imported from Africa, their increase, if any increase take place, must be by propagation. Various causes contribute to thwart and limit the influence of propagation. The moral condition of slaves render them sensual, indiscriminate, and capricious; and this temper, added to the license which the laws of those States permit, with regard to their sexual intercourse, is adverse to generation. Their physical condition is no less unfavourable. Their labours, if not disproportionate, are, without doubt, heavy, incessant, and unwholesome. This circumstance has a two-fold tendency; first, to diminish births, and secondly, to cut off the lives of those already born, either directly in the parents, or indirectly by negligence or mistreatment in the offspring.

One argument against prohibiting the importation of slaves into the West-Indies, is well known to have been the supposed impossibility of supporting the stock by propagation. This argument, no doubt, owes some of its force to errors in the treatment of slaves, not necessary to the profitable use of them, and to those mental disquiets and antipathies which haunt the captive and the exile; but much of its force must doubtless be owing to the unwholesomeness of their tasks and their diet.

This deleterious influence of labour is not, perhaps, very great in the cultivation of maize, but is flagrant and excessive in the culture of rice, indigo, and cotton, the great staples of the south. These considerations will dispose us to believe that our stock of slaves is more in danger of diminution than of increase. It is at least to be presumed, that the increase, if any be found, will be slow and inconsiderable.

2. The number of slaves will be lessened by continual manumissions. Supposing no express law or decree to be made lessening or removing the restraints upon manumission, it is the tendency of time to draw closer the ties of affection and confidence between domestic slaves and their lords. Captive slaves are generally hostile, ferocious, and refractory. They are governed by harder, and more watchful and suspicious maxims, and the evils of their condition are at once aggravated and perpetuated. Slaves born and reared in the household, or within the country, are more gentle, tractable, and faithful. They never knew a condition or a country different from the present; habits of intercourse from infancy to manhood create mutual endearment and respect between them and their masters, by making them approach more nearly to each other in language, sentiments, and conduct. Hence not only the government of slaves will become more lenient, but the motives to giving them their liberty will daily multiply.

In America, the current of opinion sits strongly against negro servitude. The maxims and spirit of our religion are generally supposed to discountenance the practice of slavery, and, by one sect of christians, are believed to be wholly in-

compatible with it. Our moral sentiments and reasonings tend likewise to the same end; but, above all, the fundamental rules of our government have a real or apparent hostility with every species of slavery.

I shall not inquire whether this hostility be real or apparent. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark that there are many who deem negro slavery to be expressly abolished by our constitutions, many who believe that to be the virtual or implied meaning of our laws, and there are few or none who are not convinced that this system is productive of more evil than good; and, however they may decide upon its abstract legality or equity, do not hesitate to condemn it as injurious to individual and national prosperity. These opinions are daily gaining ground, and their tendency undoubtedly is to facilitate manumissions.

The great bar to manumissions, is the imaginary interest of proprietors. This operates, with relation to posterity, but with diminished influence: thus manumissions are more common by the last will of proprietors than by any other means. The frequency of these will increase through the influence of example, as well as of those principles which have been mentioned above.

In what degree the number of slaves may be expected to diminish, in consequence of manumissions, it is impossible to tell. What proportion their decrease, from this cause, will bear to their increase from propagation, admitting the reality of that increase, might be the theme of intricate computations and inquiries.

Domestic slavery was greatly prevalent among the Romans, in the height of their power. Their system, in this respect, was remarkably similar to ours, except in the employment of their slaves, which did not essentially differ from that of servants and peasants in modern Italy and Spain. Their manners, religion, and government, were far less favourable to manumission than ours, and yet a slave, in the third generation, was rarely known. The mass of people in the cities, the knights, and finally the senators and governors of provinces, were chiefly composed of the posterity of slaves.

Hence, when the limits of the empire became stationary, and war no longer supplied the markets with captives, the people insensibly mingled into one mass, with little distinction but those of property or profession. The progress to this state of things, with us, may be reasonably expected to be infinitely more rapid, from the greater prevalence of enlightened opinions, from the inferior proportion of the number of slaves to that of freemen,* and from causes peculiar to our selves, which obstruct their propagation or shorten their lives.

3. But however we determine as to the absolute number of slaves, at any given period, it is evident that their relative or proportionate number will rapidly decline. The southern States are, comparatively, deserts. A few districts on the seaboard are planted with rice, and maize, and tobacco; but the western regions are nearly unoccupied except by panthers and deer. These, however, will quickly be stocked by people who will migrate hither from the east and north. The new comers will bring with them habits, if not opinions, incompatible with slavery. They will till their fields,

* Some have computed the slaves in the Roman provinces to be half the inhabitants. In our southern States it is but little more than one third of the whole population.

and stock their corn with their own hands. Their numbers have hitherto increased, and will continue to increase with a rapidity unexampled in the history of any former nation. The natural powers of propagation, to which every external circumstance will be propitious, will be aided by the influx of strangers from the north. If the number of slaves be at present only one third of the whole, how speedily will that proportion sink to one fifth, one eighth, and even to one tenth?

As the proportion of freemen increases, it must be expected that every moral cause tending to annihilate servitude, will increase in force. Having no interest to obstruct the operation of their reason or humanity, the manners and opinions of those who hold no slaves, will be likely to gain the ascendant over those of slave-holders. Maxims of justice become popular in proportion as the opposition between those maxims and the interest of individuals is removed. All the objections arising from expediency will lose their force when the disproportion between whites and blacks is carried to an high degree by the rapid progress of the new settlements. Comprehensive schemes of emancipation may possibly be dangerous when the number of laves is *one half* or *one third* of the whole; but this danger is annihilated when it dwindles to a fifteenth or a twentieth.

One may venture, upon pretty sure foundations, to predict the rate of this decrease. Supposing that propagation will do no more than keep up the present stock, which is the most that can be granted, and supposing that the future increase of white population be equal to the past, it will follow that, in sixty years, the slaves will not be more than one twenty-fifth of the whole. It is quite probable, indeed, considering the progressive popularity of manumission, the unfriendly influence of servitude on the multiplication of our species, that slavery will nearly disappear from the United States in a less period than sixty years.

It would extend this paper too much to investigate the grounds of that terror which prevails among us respecting negro insurrections, or to speculate upon the consequences which will follow from this slow, and gradual, but universal freedom of the blacks. With your leave, I shall discuss these points on a future occasion. H. L.

---

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

THE answer to the arithmetical question, by Adam Workman, published in your Magazine for August, being entirely false and absurd, the following true solution to that question may, perhaps, not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

Yours, &c.

GEORGE BARON,

*No. 76 Pearl-street, New-York.*

---

## SOLUTION.

The reciprocals of numbers are reciprocally as the numbers themselves, and the least numbers which are directly as the reciprocals of 30, 42, and 54, are 63, 45, and 35. HENCE, each person's share of the expense will be truly found as follows:

| | | | | *Dolls.* | *Dolls. Cents.* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| As 143 : | 63 | :: | 40 : | 17 | 62 $\frac{34}{143}$ |
| | 45 | | | 12 | 58 $\frac{106}{143}$ |
| | 35 | | | 9 | 79 $\frac{3}{143}$ |
| | | | | 40 | Proof. |

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

*If the following Thoughts on the Powers of Music should appear to contain any thing new, they are much at your ſervice.* S.

WHAT is the real ſource of the pleaſure we experience from muſic? Does it ariſe immediately from *ſenſation*; or is it the reſult of an *aſſociation of ideas?* Do the pulſes of air that fall on the ear while we are liſtening to a piece of muſic by their relative times and forces, excite pleaſurable ſenſations; or are the pleaſurable ſenſations we experience, the reſult of an aſſociation between a certain continuation of ſounds and ideas that afford us pleaſure? In ſhort, do we derive the pleaſure from the muſic, or is the muſic a means of exciting a pleaſurable train of ideas? I believe both. The mere combination of agreeable tones, is capable of exciting an agreeable action in the organ of hearing; but the greateſt pleaſures we experience from muſic, are probably derived from aſſociations of ideas.

We have every reaſon to believe, that ſimilar vibrations are produced in the organ of hearing, to thoſe of the ſounding body—I mean as to their times and relative forces. Theſe vibrations are what conſtitute in us the idea of ſound.

To theſe vibrations we have a ſtriking analogy in what have been called *ſympathetic ſounds.* If a ſtring of a muſical inſtrument be ſtruck, and another one be near it in uniſon, this ſecond ſtring will be thrown into action by the motion produced in the air by the vibrations of the firſt.* A ſtring, however, not in uniſon or concord, will not be thrown into action; becauſe the impulſes that are given to ſuch a ſtring, would not coincide with its *vibrations;* of conſequence, inſtead of aiding, would deſtroy each other. If two bells be in uniſon near together, and one be ſtruck, the other will yield an audible ſound.† Theſe facts may ſerve to throw ſome light on the functions of the ear; but as yet phyſiologiſts have been unable to determine their proper application to the operations of this ſenſe. One fact relative to it, however, is worthy of attention. The portion of the *os temporis* which contains this curious organ, is called *apophyſis petroſa*, from its ſuperior hardneſs; thus has nature formed it ſo as advantageouſly to receive and communicate vibrations.

We may then, I think, conclude, with ſome plauſibility at leaſt, that ſimple ſounds are agreeable or diſagreeable according as the vibrations they produce in the ear arrive at, or are above or below *the pleaſurable point of action.* Dr. Hartley ſays they "are pleaſant in proportion to their loudneſs, provided this be not exceſſive." If by not being exceſſive, he means not to paſs the agreeable point, it cannot but be true. Such, in all probability, is the origin of our pleaſures from ſimple ſounds. But this pleaſure is but trifling in

* This experiment may be performed in a ſtriking manner, by obſerving the following circumſtances, which accidentally occurred to me. As I was playing on a flute near a cloſed *piano forte*, I obſerved that at intervals a jarring ſound was produced in the *piano;* I found which note on the flute produced it, and could then, at pleaſure, though the *piano* was ſhut up, throw one of its ſtrings into ſo powerful an action, that it could be diſtinctly heard all over the room. This ſtring was in *uniſon* with the note on the flute which ſet it in *motion*, and owing to ſome looſe wire, jarred very much. I could not make any of the other ſtrings be heard by ſounding an uniſon to them.

† From theſe facts Lord Bacon propoſed to form a *double* muſical inſtrument, ſo that by playing one ſet of ſtrings of it, another ſet in concord ſhould be put into action. This propoſal has lately been carried into effect.

comparison to that we enjoy from concords. Why we derive pleaſure from hearing concords is, however, a queſtion much more difficult of ſolution. Dr. Hartley, to whoſe writings we cannot too often recur for a clue to guide us through the labyrinth of the mind, gives us the following reaſons:

"Two muſical notes ſounded together, ſuppoſe upon an organ or violin, afford a greater original pleaſure than one, provided the ratios of their vibrations be ſufficiently ſimple. Thus any note ſounded with its 8th, 5th, 4th, 3d major or minor, 6th major or minor, affords pleaſure, the ratios being here, reſpectively, thoſe of 1 to 2, 2 to 3, 3 to 4, 4 to 5, 5 to 6, 3 to 5, and 5 to 8, which are all very ſimple ones. But a note with its flat or ſharp, 2d or 7th, or flat 5th, is originally diſagreeable. It may be obſerved, that concords ſeem to be originally pleaſant in proportion to the ſimplicity of the ratios by which they are expreſſed, *i. e.* in the order above ſet down. Hence we may perhaps ſuſpect, that even the concords were originally unpleaſant to the ear of the child; from the irregularity of the vibrations which they impreſs upon the *membrana tympani*,* and conſequent ſolution of continuity, and that they fall at laſt within the limits of pleaſure, as many other pains do by repetition. For thus thoſe concords in which the ratios are ſimpleſt, would become pleaſant firſt, and the others would continue to excite pain, or to border upon it. It is agreeable to this, that diſcords become at laſt pleaſant to the ears of thoſe that are much converſant in muſic, and that the too frequent recurrency of concords cloys."†

Such are the reaſons given by Dr. Hartley. To theſe may perhaps be added ſome others deduced from the muſcular action of the parts. It has been conjectured, for as yet any theory of the peculiar actions of the organ of hearing can be little better than conjecture, that a great number of ſmall muſcles which are found in it, are conſtantly employed in arranging its vibratory parts in ſuch a manner, that they will vibrate in uniſon with the ſounding body.‡ If this conjecture has any foundation, may not a concord afford us pleaſure, becauſe the actions may be carried on at the ſame time, or without any variation in the length or tenſion of the vibrating body; and, on the other hand, a diſcord be diſagreeable, becauſe the notes of which it is compoſed cannot be given together, nor without a new arrangement of the organ of hearing, and thus a jarring of the parts is produced inſtead of regular vibrations. A ſtring in vibration will not only throw into action another ſtring near it, which is in uniſon, but alſo one in concord. We find too that diſcords are not near ſo diſagreeable to us when they are given in ſucceſſion, as when ſtruck together. As thus, it is *poſſible* the ear may be arranged for their reception. Theſe, however, are but conjectures, and ſhould have no other effect on our minds, than to induce us to further inveſtigation.

As MELODY conſiſts in a ſucceſſion of harmonies, our pleaſures from it muſt ariſe from a ſimilar cauſe.

The pleaſures ariſing from AIR are probably derived almoſt entirely from *aſſociation of ideas*. It is impoſſible to convey, by words, an

* This does not ſeem to be the ſeat of hearing, or even *neceſſary* to it, as this membrane is ſometimes ruptured without the ſenſe being impaired.

† Hartley on Man, Chap. I. Sect. V. prop. 65.

‡ If this be true, how aſtoniſhingly rapid muſt be the action of thoſe muſcles, to accompany the various gradations of ſound produced by the orator or muſician.

idea of what *air* or *tune* conſists in. To be *underſtood* it muſt be *felt*. He who, on hearing a piece of muſic, has experienced all the viciſſitudes of ſprightliness and ſadness it was intended to convey, may conſult his feelings for a correct *definition* of AIR; but he who has not experienced these ſenſations, can have no idea of it. There is, perhaps, ſcarce any man in exiſtence, whoſe feelings are ſo callous to the influence of muſical tones, as to experience the ſame ſenſations on hearing a pathetic Scotch ballad and one of their lively dances. But why we feel melancholy on hearing one, and ſprightly on hearing the other, is a queſtion that is difficult of ſolution. Bacon ſuppoſes that "tunes and airs have in themſelves ſome affinity with the affections; as merry tunes, doleful tunes, ſolemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes; ſo that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the ſpirits." Doubtleſs there are ſome *tunes* which incline us to mirth, others that depreſs our ſpirits, ſome that incline us to pity, ſome that give us ſolemn ſenſations, and others again fill our minds with ideas of battle, tumult and murder. But is it really the ſimple combination of ſounds of which theſe airs are compoſed that produce theſe effects, or do they ſerve but as the firſt movers of a chain of aſſociated ideas of which theſe are the termination? I believe the latter. What connection can there poſſibly exiſt between a certain combination of ſounds, and mountains, cottages and ſtreams? Yet who has not heard of the celebrated Swiſs air that is forbid even to be played to their troops in foreign ſervice, as it always produces the moſt unreſtrainable deſire to return to their native country. I once heard this air played ſeveral times, and after the firſt performance, when my curioſity was ſatisfied, it produced no other wiſh in me than that the performer would change it for one more agreeable. With the Swiſs, however, it is no doubt aſſociated with all the ſcenes of pleaſure he has enjoyed in his native land. It is the *talisman*, which, when ſtruck, raiſes to his view the rugged but picturesque landſcapes his country preſents, his friends, and all regretted, because *half remembered*, pleaſures of childhood.*

Who has not heard of the wonders produced among the ancient Greeks by the powers of muſic? Grave hiſtorians relate tales of the power of muſic over them, which at firſt view appear incredible. Doubtleſs they are much exaggerated; but when we recollect the manners and early education of the people of whom they are related, we need not be ſurprized that muſic ſhould have produced effects which now would be attempted in vain. The exerciſes of the *gymnaſium*, in which the greater part of the youth of this people was ſpent, were all conducted by muſic: their war-dances, their wreſtlings, their ſham-fights were all performed to the ſound of muſical inſtruments. These exerciſes were the repreſentations of the ſcenes they afterwards engaged in. Need we then be ſurprized at the ſtrong aſſociations that would thus be produced between certain airs and actions producing, when thoſe airs were executed by *a*

* The intrepid Swiſs who guards a foreign ſhore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the ſong ſo ſweetly wild,
Which on thoſe cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,
Melts at the long loſt ſcenes that round him riſe,
And ſinks a martyr to repentant ſkies.
Rogers' Pleaſ. of Mem.

*maſter*, the most extravagant actions?

Almost all savage nations have their songs of war and peace. I once heard thirty chiefs of the Creek nation sing their war song. It consisted, as nearly as I can remember, of three notes.* It was with difficulty I could resist laughing at the sight of thirty grave men producing the most unmusical tones imaginable, by way of concert. To them, however, it doubtless recalled all the horrors and stratagems of war they had ever beheld. To them therefore, it was an awful and warlike air: to us, who could associate none of their ideas with it, it was disagreeable and ridiculous.

Does it then solely depend on the ideas we associate with an air, to constitute it grave or gay, solemn or ridiculous? Is it the circumstances under which we hear it executed, or the words with which we hear it accompanied, that establish altogether what emotions it is to excite in us? Certainly not. There are some *pieces* of music which we may hear under circumstances perfectly indifferent, and unaccompanied by words, and yet they will excite or depress our spirits, dispose us to sadness or joy. How then are these sensations produced? We know not. I will, however, risk a few remarks on them. I mean not to attempt a theory of our musical sensations: all I mean to do is to throw out a few loose conjectures.

Every person who has attended to the modulations of the voices of people under the influence of various passions and emotions, must have observed their variety, and the marked characters of each. In anger, we utter our words with rapidity, and the voice passes from the graver to the more acute, and from thence back to the graver sounds, with the most astonishing celerity. We scarcely utter any two syllables with the same acuteness, and all these changes, too, are performed by *starts*. Under the influence of sorrow or pity, on the contrary, we utter our words slowly, the voice rests for a considerable time on the same note, and when we do change it, it is either for one not far distant, or, if distant, to which we arrive by regularly ascending or descending. Under the influence of anger, too, we generally speak loud; and, under that of sorrow, low.

These characteristics are so strongly marked, that we generally pay almost as much attention to the manner in which a sentence is delivered, as to the words of which it is composed, to determine exactly what the speaker means. Nay, we are even by them enabled to determine when a person is under the influence of these emotions, if we hear him speak in a language which we do not understand, and without our being able to distinguish his countenance or gesticulations. Such a man, however, could convey no other ideas to us than could be conveyed by a musical instrument, that would be capable of affording an infinite variety of tones and notes. The articulate sounds he utters, convey no more meaning than inarticulate ones. If they were therefore noted down and played on such an instrument, we could not distinguish them from the speech of such a man. This instrument would, in fact, yield articulate sounds. But no such instrument exists. All the instruments we possess, are but capable of producing, *with certainty*, a definite

* Rouſſeau, to demonſtrate how far his ideas of the powers of ſimple melody might be carried in practice, compoſed an air, which has been much admired, but which alſo contains only three notes; but how differently are they combined!

number of tones and notes. If all the sounds he uttered were reduced to those, as near as possible, and performed on an instrument, they would be similar enough to commence a chain of associated ideas that would lead to the same ideas the man's speech did.

When we wish to express solemn ideas, we speak slowly, distinctly, swell our words and make transitions with regularity. If on the other hand our ideas are gay, we speak rapidly, run our words together, and make quick transitions in our modulation. If then the musician adjust his sounds in these two ways, he will, in one case, excite by association solemn ideas, and, in the other, gay ones.

These are a few loose hints on the origin of the association of certain combinations of musical sounds with certain ideas. The limits of an essay will not permit me to enter on the application of them. If they are thought worthy of consideration, this would be easily done. Still, however, I think it *possible* that all *our ideas* from music may originate, in those cases where they do not arise from accompanying words or circumstances, from the similarity of this combination of sounds to some other with which we have *thus* associated a certain train of ideas.

---

*Anecdotes of Napoleone Buonaparte.*

THIS extraordinary man, born in the town of Ajaccio, in Corsica, in 1767, is the son of Charles Buonaparte and Lætitia Raniolini. His father, also a native of Ajaccia, was bred to the civil law, at Rome, and took part with the celebrated Paoli, in the memorable struggle, made by a handful of islanders, against Louis XV. and his minister Choiseul.

He not only laid aside the *gown* upon that occasion, but actually carried a musket as a volunteer!

On the conquest of the island, he wished to retire, with the gallant chief who had ineffectually struggled for its independence; but he was prevented by his uncle, a canon, who exercised parental authority over him.

In 1773, a deputation from the three estates was sent to wait on the King of France; and, Charles Buonaparte was elected to represent the nobles. He was soon after promoted to the office of *procuratore reale (Attorney General)*, of Ajaccio; where his ancestors, supposed to have originally come from Tuscany, had been settled near two hundred years.

The elder Buonaparte had seven children; four sons and three daughters. It was his good fortune to be cherished by the French; and both he and his family lived in the greatest intimacy with M. de Marbœuf, the Governor.

On the death of his friend, Charles Buonaparte, M. de Marbœuf continuing to patronize his family, placed his second son, Napoleone, at the *Ecole Militaire*, or Military School, at Paris.

The advantages resulting from this seminary, which has produced more skilful soldiers than any other in Europe, were not lost on young Buonaparte; he there applied himself, with industry and success, to mathematics, and every art connected with that of war.

While yet a boy, he presents himself as a candidate for a commission in the artillery; and his success equalled the expectations of his friends, for he was the twelfth on the list, out of the thirty-six who proved victorious in the contest. In consequence of this event, he became a Lieutenant in the French army, and served as such, during two or three years, in the regiment

of *La Fere*, which he joined at Valence, in Dauphiny.

In 1790, General Paoli repaired to France, where he was honoured with a civic crown; and there he embraced the son of his old friend, who had served under him at St. Fiorenze in 1768. They met again, soon after, in Corsica; where Buonaparte, then a Captain, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of a *corps* of Corsican national guards *in activity*.

On the second expedition fitted out against Sardinia, he embarked with his countrymen, and landed in the little island of Maddalena, of which he took possession, in the name of the French Republic; but finding the troops collected for this expedition, in want of discipline, he returned to the port of Ajaccio, whence he had set out.

Mean time, a scheme was formed for the annexation of Corsica to the crown of England; a plan was adopted, which, while it diminished the wealth, has contributed but little to the honour of Great Britain.

Buonaparte had a difficult part to act on that occasion: he was personally attached to Pasquale Paoli; he resented the treatment he had experienced during the reign of the *Terrorists*; and had actually drawn up, with his own hand, the remonstrance transmitted by the Municipality of Ajaccio against the decree declaring the General an enemy to the Commonwealth.

Indeed, he was supposed to be so intimately connected with him, that a warrant was issued by Lacombe de St. Michel, and the other Commissioners of the Convention, to arrest young Buonaparte! Notwithstanding this, he was determined to adhere to his engagements; and, learning that the English fleet in the Mediterranean had sailed for the purpose of seizing his native island, he embarked with his family, for the continent, and settled within Toulon.

That town, the second sea-port in France, was then in possession of the English, having been just seized upon by Admiral Hood, who had substituted the British Cross in place of the three-coloured flag. The military talents of the young Corsican were well known to Salicetti, who introduced him to Barras, since one of the Directory, to whom he afforded indubitable proof of the sincerity of his professions, at a period when suspicion was justified by frequent defections. He was accordingly advanced from the rank of *Chef de Brigade*, to that of General of Artillery; and directed, under General Dugommier, the attacks of the various redoubts that surrounded and strengthened this important port. The energy of the French troops, added to the scientific arrangements of the engineers, overcame the zeal and resistance of a motley garrison, and restored the key of the Mediterranean to France.

Buonaparte, in 1793, took an active part against General Paoli and the English; for, in the course of that year, he appeared with a small armament before Ajaccio, the town and citadel of which he summoned in the name of the Republic; but he met with a formidable enemy in his own cousin, the brave Captain Messeria, who commanded a *corps* of Corsicans during the siege of Gibraltar, and had learned the management of red-hot shot under Lord Heathfield.

The conquest of Toulon contributed not a little to raise the credit of Buonaparte; and it proved equally advantageous to his friend Barras. That deputy had been also bred a military man, and was employed by his colleagues on all great emergencies. One of these soon occurred: this was the disturbance among the sections of Paris, known by the name of the *Insurrection of Vendemaire*.

On this occasion he took care to be surrounded by able men, among whom was General Buonaparte, whom he had invested with the command of the artillery at the siege of Toulon. It was to another Corsican, however, that he confided the superintendance of the army: this was Gentili, who had just acquired great reputation by his defence of Bastia.

On trial, however, it was immediately discovered, that the *deafness* of Gentili was an invincible obstacle to success, as he could neither hear nor attend to the multiplied and complicated reports of the *Aides du Camp*, who were continually bringing him messages, or addressing him relative to the situation of the enemy. Luckily for the Convention, Napoleone Buonaparte was, at this critical moment, appointed his successor; and it is to the masterly dispositions made by him, that the triumph of the Representative Body is principally ascribed.

A wider field now opened for the exertions of Buonaparte; for he was soon after invested with the chief command of the French army in Italy, which, under his direction, prepared to open the campaign of 1796.

In the spring of that year, we find the Austro-Sardinian troops defeated within forty miles of Turin; fourteen thousand were either killed or taken, and the cannon and camp equipage seized by the victors. The army of Lombardy was also doomed to experience a most humiliating disaster, although led on by a cautious veteran, Beaulieu, in person: this was attributed solely to the skilful manœuvres of the commander in chief, seconded by the exertions of Laharpe, Massena, and Servona.

The Austrian General Provera was made a prisoner in a third engagement; in consequence of which, forty field-pieces, with the horses, mules, and artillery waggons, &c. were captured by the French; and two thousand five hundred of the allies killed, and eight thousand made prisoners. The battles of Millesimo, Dego, Mondovi, Monte Lerino, and Montenotte, determined the fate of Sardinia; for the aged monarch then seated on the throne, found himself reduced to the necessity of relinquishing Savoy and Nice, and subscribing to such terms as were granted by the victor, who could have driven him from his throne, and obliged him to spend the short remainder of a wretched life in exile, and perhaps in poverty!

The battle of Lodi, fought May 10th, nearly completed the overthrow of the Austrian power in Italy, and added greatly to the reputation of the French arms. On this occasion, a battalion of granadies bore down all before them, and reached the bridge of Lodi, shouting—"Long live the Republic!" but the dreadful fire kept up by the enemy having stopped their progress, Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, and others, rushed forward; even their presence would have proved ineffectual, had it not been for the intrepidity of Buonaparte, who, snatching a standard from the hand of a subaltern, like Cæsar, on a similar occasion, placed himself in front, and animating his soldiers by his actions and gesticulations—for his voice was drowned in the noise of the cannon and musquetry—Victory once more crowned his efforts.

In consequence of this series of victories, Beaulieu was obliged to yield the palm to a younger rival; for he felt himself reduced to the necessity of retreating among the mountains of Tyrol, on which the French took possession of the greater part of Lombardy, and acquired immense magazines.

After crossing the Mincio, in the face of the Austrians, the army entered Verona, which so lately had afforded an asylum to a *titular* King of France, and seized on Pavia.

At length Mantua alone remained in possession of the Austrians, and this also was soon invested by the victors, who, at the same time, made inroads into the Tyrol; and, by the battle of Roveredo, and the possession of Trent, became masters of the passes that lead to Vienna.

Mean while, the veteran Wurmser determined to shut himself up, with the remainder of his troops, in Mantua; and the Austrians made one more effort, by means of Alvinzy, to rescue his besieged army, and regain their ancient dominion in Italy. But the battle of Arcola completely frustrated their expectations, and the capture of Mantua at once concluded the campaign, and their humiliation.

In the winter of 1796, Buonaparte was married to Madame Beauharnois, a beautiful French woman, who had experienced many persecutions in the time of Robespierre. Her former* husband attained the rank of General in the service of the Republic, and always conducted himself as a friend of liberty.

On that memorable day, when Louis XVI. and his family repaired to Paris, M. de Beauharnois sat as President of the National Assembly, and exhibited great dignity of demeanour: notwithstanding this, he fell a victim to the Terrorists, who, joining the narrow zeal of Sectarists to the ferocious character peculiar to themselves, persecuted all whose opinions were not exactly conformable to their own standard. Barras, at length, luckily for her, extended his protection to the widow, who is now the wife of his friend.

The campaign of 1797,† opened under circumstances highly favourable to France; Spain was now in alliance with her; Sardinia acted under her control; Tuscany obeyed her requisitions; Naples had concluded a separate peace, and Rome was at her mercy. In this situation, the eyes of all Europe were turned towards the Archduke Charles, who was said to inherit the military talents of the house of Lorraine.

It was accordingly determined, that this young prince should be appointed commander in chief, and that the hero of Kehl should oppose the hero of Italy. The contest, however, was not long between birth and genius; between a young man of illustrious extraction, surrounded by flatterers, and educated in the circle of a court, and a hardy Corsican, brought up amidst perils, acquainted with all the machinery of modern warfare, and directing every thing under his own eye.

At length, in April, 1797, the House of Austria deemed it prudent to sue for an armistice, and accept of terms of accommodation.‡

* Before the Revolution he was known by the appellation of Count Alexander Beauharnois, and poſſeſſed great influence at court. He was one of the many Nobles who fell during the tyranny of Robeſpierre.

† One of the moſt diſaſtrous circumſtances that occurred during this memorable campaign, was the military execution inflicted on the towns of Macegarra, Fermo, Porto di Fermo, Grotto di Mari, and Jeſi, on the 8th of March, 1797, by order of Buonaparte.

The indiſcriminate butchery of the many, on account of the ſuppoſed crimes of a few, reflects infinite diſhonour on this ſoldier.

‡ The preliminaries were ſigned at Leoben, April 18, 1797, on the following baſis:

1. His Imperial Majeſty renounced Belgium;
2. He recognized the new limits of the French Republic; and
3. He acknowledged the eſtabliſhment and independence of the Lombard Republic.

A few weeks after this,* Buonaparte granted peace to Venice, or rather acquired possession of every thing belonging to that ancient aristocracy. In consequence of this, he took advantage of the absence of the English fleet from the Mediterranean, embarked a body of French troops on board his lately acquired navy, and took possession of the isles of Corfu, St. Maur, Zephalonia, and Zante.

All these were confirmed to France, by the treaty of Campo Formio, signed Oct. 17th; and no sooner had the victorious chief received the ratification of the Emperor, than he returned to Paris. The peace with Austria was celebrated at the Luxemburgh, by a festival, at which Buonaparte assisted. On this occasion, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, after presenting him to the Directory, made a speech, in which, by pointing to a different object, he dexterously concealed the future designs of the French Cabinet.

The reply is curious, when the tenor of it is compared with subsequent transactions, and is as follows:

"Citizens Directors,

"The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, they had to overcome the prejudices of eighteen hundred years. Religion, absolute monarchy, and the feudal system, governed Europe during the last twenty centuries; *but with the peace which you have concluded begins the era of Representative Governments.*

"You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is now circumscribed by those limits alone which Nature herself has traced.

"You have done more. The two first countries of Europe, once celebrated for the arts, sciences, and great men they produced, behold the genius of Liberty arising from the tombs of their ancestors. They are two pedestals on which Fate is about to place two powerful nations.

"I have now the honour to present you with the treaty of Campo Formio, signed and ratified by his Majesty the Emperor. This peace secures the liberty, prosperity, and glory of the Republic.

"When the happiness of the French people shall be settled on the basis of the best and wisest laws, all Europe will be free."

In order to deceive the enemy, relative to an expedition equally singular and important, which was now become a favourite object with the French, Buonaparte published an address to the "army of England." He then set off from the capital, and at Calais beheld, for the first time, the hostile shores of Britain. Both there, and at Dunkirk, he reviewed the troops, and as his time would not permit him to examine the army in Flanders in person, he dispatched thither a general in his *suite*.

After this, he returned once more to Paris, and set out privately for the southern provinces.

In the mean time, a large fleet, and an immense number of transports, were collecting in several of the seaports of the Mediterranean. Great bodies of the best troops marched from different points, and embarked on board vessels prepared for them. If we believe report, the army collected on this occasion amounted to 35,000 chosen men. The ships of war consisted of fifteen sail of the line, fourteen frigates, and several corvettes. The transports under their convoy were 293 sail.

The ports of Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, and Cevita Vecchia, were

* May 14, 1797.

appointed for the embarkation of the stores, provisions, &c. A number of learned men went on board at the same time, with the *apparatus* pertaining to the arts and sciences in which they excelled.

This *grand armament, the greatest that had ever appeared in the Mediterranean, set sail on the 19th of May, with a favourable gale, and formed a line of several leagues in extent.

While every one was contemplating this great event, and wondering to what point this tempest was directed, intelligence was received of the attack and surrender of Malta; a rock, which nature and art had rendered impregnable: and it seems still doubtful whether it fell by stratagem or treachery.

Immediately after, the fleet steered its course towards the Nile, took possession of Alexandria by storm, beat Murad Bey in two actions, drove Ibrahim Bey into Upper Egypt, and seized on Cairo, Rosetta, Damietta, and Suez.

Sir Horatio Nelson almost annihilated the French squadron, under Admiral Bruix, which had been injudiciously moored in the road of Bequires.

Disappointed in his wish to penetrate into India, in consequence of the lateness of the season, the opposition of the Mamalukes, and the resistance of the Bedouin Arabs, the General determined to extend his power in Egypt. With this view, he is said to have availed himself of the religious prejudices of the people to gain their esteem; he has also employed means, that speak to the hearts of all men, for he has rescued the Cophts from slavery, and divided the paternal inheritance among the surviving children, instead of permitting it, as heretofore, to be claimed by the Grand Signor, and devoured by his officers.

On the 1st Ventose, he celebrated the seventh anniversary of the Republic with uncommon magnificence. At Alexandria, the garrison assembled at the "pillar of Pompey," on that occasion decorated with the *tri-coloured flag*, and in the evening "Cleopatra's needle" was illuminated.

At Cairo, a pyramid was erected in the public square, the seven faces of which contained the names of such of the seven divisions as had fallen in battle, while the troops in Upper Egypt celebrated the event on "the ruins of Thebes!"

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the movements and councils of the French in Egypt, to state with certainty, the motives which induced their general to undertake an expedition into Syria. From their local as well as political condition, it has been often remarked that among the Turkish provinces, Egypt was the easiest to conquer, and the hardest to retain, while Syria, on the contrary, was the hardest to get, and the easiest to keep.

Former experience has countenanced the last assertion. The Crusaders overran Asia Minor with ease, but struggled hard to attain a footing in Syria. Yet when their power was established there, a handful of fighting Monks and quarrelsome Barons kept possession for a century.

Buonaparte, however, seems to have experienced but few obstacles till he arrived at Acre, and there he would have found no formidable

* Of the fifteen sail of the line, employed upon this occasion, eleven were taken and destroyed by Lord Nelson, two made their escape to Corfu and Malta, and two continued in the old port of Alexandria. Of the fourteen frigates, two were destroyed in the engagement, one was taken by the Turks, one by British cruizers, and nine or ten were lately in the port of Alexandria.

opposition, had it not been for the indefatigable exertions of the English. France and England seem destined to eternal competition. The schemes of the French, whether carried on in Flanders, or Germany, on the Missisippi, or Ganges, or Nile, are sure to be detected, and counteracted by their vigilant foes. The same power that destroyed their navy in the port of Alexandria, repelled their assaults on the walls of Acre; and after many vigorous attempts to gain possession, Buonaparte fled, with his shattered troops, through the desert, and once more sheltered himself in Egypt. His steps were pursued by a large army of Mahometan enthusiasts, but his usual skill and good fortune enabled him to triumph over this enemy, and Egypt seemed more thoroughly subdued after this disastrous excursion than before.

The real adventures of this Corsican are more romantic than any thing to be met with in books of fiction. The quality which chiefly excites our wonder in surveying his actions, is his good fortune, by which he has baffled all ordinary rules of computation. His passage to Egypt was a bare possibility, but the capture of Malta so far from being expected, did not even occur to the most luxuriant imagination. The possession of the Nile, in spite of Turks, Arabs and the plague; in spite of Syrian defeats, and the impossibility of supplies from France, is next to incredible; but the closing scene has been worthy of the rest of the drama.—While he was supposed to be languishing in Egypt, powerless, despised and forgotten, he suddenly alights upon the coast of Provence, hastens to Paris, and overthrows the constitution. The whole military force of the Gallic Empire centers in his person; and he is now deliberating whether he will invest himself with supreme authority during his life, or only for a term of years; whether he will engross all power, or divide it with councils and committees; whether he will grant peace to the world, or endeavour the re-conquest of Italy, Swisserland, and Swabia. Whatever we conclude as to the issue of his deliberations, we must at least acknowledge that he is acting a great part.

Buonaparte is of a small stature, but admirably proportioned. He is of a spare habit, yet robust, and fitted to undergo the greatest fatigues. His complexion, like that of all the males of southern climates, is olive; his eyes large and black, his chin prominent, the lower part of his face thin, and his forehead square and projecting. The large whole length Italian print, published in London by *Testolini*, exhibits a good likeness; but the best portrait of him was painted at Verona, in consequence of the solicitations of an English artist, who applied to him for this purpose, by means of a letter from a relation in London.

He possesses uncommon attainments. He converses freely, and without pedantry, and writes and speaks with fluencey and eloquence. Above all things, he has attempted, and in a great measure obtained, the mastery over his passions. He is abstemious, and was never seen, in the slightest degree, intoxicated; he possesses many friends, but has no minions; and preserves an inviolable secrecy, by means of a rigorous silence, far better than other men do by a loquacious hypocrisy.

His mother, the beautiful Lætitia Buonaparte, is still alive, as are also two of his sisters, one of whom is married to a distinguished Frenchman.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

*The other day I overheard the following conversation, respecting your Magazine. What use ought to be made of it, is submitted to your judgment. I am a constant reader of your valuable Miscellany, and, in general, approve it. I have no doubt, however, that you will candidly hear the remarks of all, and feel disposed to profit by any hints for its improvement, from whatever quarter they may come.*

*I am, Sir,*

*With much respect, yours,*

PHILOMUTHOS.

*New-York, Feb.* 19, 1800.

---

## DIALOGUES *of the* LIVING.

### *Dialogue* II.

*Edward.* GOOD morning. Always poring over your books! You have a most insatiable thirst for reading. What new pamphlet is that?

*William.* The New-York Monthly Magazine.

*Edw.* O, that's right. Iv'e been lately reading the numbers of that work. What do you think of it? I see it is beginning to creep into notice more than formerly.

*Wil.* Why, it will do tolerably well. It's far from being what I could wish; but perhaps it will improve. Our American periodical publications somehow or another fall far below those from Europe. Let them be undertaken by whom they may, and under circumstances however advantageous, they are small at first, and always dwindle in a little while to nothing. But, as I feel myself bound to encourage the attempts of my own countrymen, however humble, I sent my name to Messrs. Swords, yesterday morning, as a subscriber to the Magazine, and received, about two hours ago, the numbers which have been published. What do you think of the work?

*Edw.* Why, on the whole, my opinion is rather more favourable than yours. I think it is, taking all things into consideration, well conducted. There is a large proportion of original matter in it. The most of the pieces relate to important and interesting subjects; and are exhibited in a pretty decent dress. 'Tis true, I sometimes find things in it which I do not like. I occasionally meet with a paper which either fatigues or offends me. But such things we must expect to meet with in all books. I have read many American and European Magazines; but I confess they have seldom appeared to me to rise above this; and in very few instances to equal it.

*Wil.* Perfect stuff! You might as well compare the garbage which lies in the street, to pure, wholesome, and delicious viands, prepared with the most delicate skill and care. This equal to the London or Edinburgh Magazines! Sure you are not serious?

*Edw.* I am really serious. What fault do you find with it? What are its principal defects?

*Wil.* Why, several. In the first place, the pieces are for the most part so confoundedly *grave* that it gives me the *blues* to go through a number. Now, I read such things chiefly for amusement, when I am tired of the toils of business, or of systematic reading. But you can hardly squeeze out one good fit of laughter, or one joke of tolerable relish, from all these numbers. Scarcely an anecdote—or a biographical sketch—or a pleasant turn of wit in the whole. Look into the London Magazines on that shelf, and you will see that they are dishes chiefly composed of these nice and savoury bits. When I take up one of those volumes, I scarcely know how to lay it down.

I could sit up half the night with such entertainment. But as for this *thing* of Messrs. Swords's, it is so intolerably sober, and deals so much in reasoning and science, that I have been near falling to sleep twice since I took it in my hand.—But, as I was saying, Americans will learn the true art of doing things bye and bye; and in the mean time they must be assisted and encouraged. What say you? Am not I right?

*Edw.* Scarcely, in my opinion. Perhaps a few pieces of humour might be advantageously introduced into this American production. If I were acquainted with the Editor I would give him a hint on this subject. They tell me he is a candid man, and willing to receive all suggestions for improving his work. But really, after all, who would be gratified by this light and frivolous stuff? It would please women and children; and perhaps now and then serve to relax the muscles of a student, like yourself. For my part, I think instruction of more importance than amusement. I am a grave man, and grave things suit me best. I read with far greater relish, a critique on Robertson or Hume, an essay on the culture of the potatoe—or an account of some valuable discovery, than nine-tenths of the anecdotes, humorous compositions, or *jeu d'esprits* which I meet with. But as I wish every body to be satisfied, it would not displease me to see some of the more serious pieces omitted, to make room for a larger portion of wit and merriment.

*Wil.* I tell you, Sir, there must be more of those things. I would take the work, as I said, if every line in it were as solemn and didactic as a charge from the bench. But you know mankind. They must be amused and diverted, or they will never attend to you. What are all their remarks on *Waltein's School of History*—on *Astringency*—and on *American Population*, worth? I don't read these things; —and not one in fifty reads them.

*Edw.* I am astonished at you! Not read papers of a scientific and œconomical kind? Is it of no consequence to understand things which enter into the business and enjoyment of every day? But is this your only charge? Do you dislike the Magazine solely because it is too *solid* and *instructive?* I should have expected this objection from the giddy *girls*, and the *old women* of my acquaintance, both *in* and *out* of *petticoats;* but I should not have looked for it from you. What else have you to say?

*Wil.* There's a *Review* in it too! What miserable bungling! Did you ever see such stuff pass for *reviewing* before?

*Edw.* You are a most unmerciful critic. I really expected that that part of the work would have meet with your approbation.

*Wil.* Approbation! Sir, they are any thing but reviews. They are feeble, indecisive, worthless things. No man can tell what to think of an Author, after their account of him. Why do they not tell us that a book is good or bad, at once, without more ado, and then we should know how to understand them. For my part I have frequently found these reviewers to praise one part of a work so highly, and to censure another part so severely, that I have scarcely known what opinion to form on the whole.

*Edw.* Are not all human productions of a mixed kind? Does not the most excellent work which you read contain some faults and errors? And is it not the business of the reviewers to discriminate and display both? To dwell much on the mistakes of a very excellent book, or to criticise them with great severity, would be as ungenerous as to be continually harping on the imperfections of a very great and

good man. But we sometimes meet with productions whose faults so nearly balance their excellencies, that a faithful account of them must of necessity be of that equivocal and indecisive kind of which you complain.

*Wil.* But I see that these literary anatomists, while their dissections are carried on, for the most part, with a cautious and even timid hand, can sometimes cut and hack, when it suits them, with a most indiscreet audacity. Sir, let me tell you, a few more such impudent reviews as they lately gave of a certain volume of Sermons, will *do their business for them.* It is a dangerous thing to attack the Clergy, above all other men. And to deal harshly with authors of any description in a young country, is, in every respect, impolitic.

*Edw.* Oh, I thought, just now, the reviewers only erred on the side of lenity and indecision. I am glad to find that they have your example for this conduct. I respect the Clergy as much as any man; but I cannot see why their literary defects and errors should be more sacredly shielded from criticism than those of their neighbours. This is not the way to make them respectable. I observed the review to which you refer. It gave, I understood, some offence. How justly I know not, for I never read the Sermons of which it treats. But if they have suffered injustice, let some of the Author's friends point it out. This will tend to bring out the truth—to keep up the fervour of literary zeal—to promote an amicable collision of talents—and in a variety of respects to do good. I rather conjecture that those who conduct the review would be pleased with it themselves.

*Wil.* Poh! they are a set of poor creatures, not worth pleasing. By the way, can you tell me who these literary *raggamuffins* and *assassins* are? They are scarcely worthy of attention; and yet I have sometimes wished to know them.

*Edw.* I have the same curiosity; but have always considered such inquiries unjustifiable and impertinent. It is necessary that the names of reviewers should, in most cases, be concealed. No one has a right to guess at them. The value and efficacy of remarks often depend upon our ignorance of their source. Besides, what is the utility of knowing the author of a review? If his account of a book be well founded, does it become better upon our being told by whom it was composed? or, if false and unjust, why not suffer it to refute and destroy itself?—But have you any farther objections to make?

*Wil.* Yes. There is too little attention paid to *poetry.* And as to *politics*, which would give a pleasant seasoning to the work, they are wholly excluded.

*Edw.* As to poetry, I believe it would be well to introduce a larger portion. But there is some difficulty in this. Writers who could compose a short essay in prose are to be found every hour; but those who are able to make a tolerable figure in *poetics* are few: and in this department of literature you know mediocrity is intolerable. How, then, shall a sufficient quantity of poetry to satisfy the wishes of readers be provided?—With respect to *politics*, I should be glad, myself, to see a part of the work devoted to this subject. But here, also, there is a difficulty, still more formidable. What can the Editor do? If he should open his mouth to utter a political sentiment, however moderately and discreetly it might be delivered, he would not fail to offend one half his readers. Nay, some of them have been already offended, at his taking notice of different political characters and writers, with respect, in a literary view. I know

several who were angry at his inserting *Clery*'s account of the imprisonment and death of the King of France among his selections, which they considered as a proof that he regretted the fate of that unfortunate monarch, and was therefore a royalist in his heart. Others, and a still greater number, were vexed at the account of a *singular clawed animal* introduced into the last number, because it came from the pen of Mr. *Jefferson*, who they said had better be employed in writing letters to *Mazzei*. "The Editor," added they, "must certainly be an admirer of his, or he would not have done him the honour to reprint his little snivelling production."—These things being considered, I cannot help thinking that the Magazine had better be entirely free from theological and political polemics. I am willing to give up my share of them from this prudential consideration.

*Wil.* But what do you say to another defect of this Magazine—its containing no account of *marriages*, *deaths*, &c.? You know I was married a few weeks ago. When I sent for the Magazine, (having never seen it) I had no doubt of seeing this event announced among others. But no—not a word about it. You don't see the European Magazines guilty of such omissions. I should not wonder if all the young men and girls of the city should drop it, as not worthy of their attention.

*Edw.* Perhaps there is a deficiency in this respect; but not, in my opinion, so great as you intimate. What instruction or amusement would it afford you to have, every month, a list of forty or fifty marriages between persons of whom you knew nothing? I think, however, that when persons who are distinguished for their talents, virtues, or office, get married, or die, there should be a part of this work devoted to giving us some account of them. Biography is always interesting; and to do honour to men after their death, by preserving a record of their lives and characters, furnishes a strong incentive to virtue.

---

## *Remarks upon the* RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

RUSSIA, by the part she has lately taken in the contests and negociations of the western nations of Europe, has become an object of importance. The progress and condition, political and geographical, of that Empire, are subjects of curious speculation; but these speculations seem hitherto to have led to many erroneous conclusions. It is common to allow our minds to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of this object, and not to discriminate between the real and apparent sources of power and wealth.

The most obvious considerations respecting Russia, are suggested by the view of a map of the Eastern Hemisphere. The eye begins its course at the shore of the Atlantic, speedily traverses the British Islands, steps with ease across the peninsulas of Spain, Italy, and Greece; and turning northward, reaches, in a few glances, the banks of the Baltic sea and the Dnieper. This space, scollopped, intersected, and checqured by gulphs, bays and lakes, appears a minute off-set or branch of the vast extent of ground stretching to the east of it; and yet, inconsiderable as it is, broken up into some scores of independent sovereignties and petty principalities.

Having rested a while on the shores of the Don or Dnieper, we may look abroad to the east, north-east, and south-east. Over what immense tracts must we range, before we descry the icy capes of the

north, or the iselets, scattered at the western limits of America, or those lofty ridges which form the southern rampart of Siberia, and divide it from the ancient seats of the Mongals and the hereditary domains of the Chinese princes! Yet, until these are surveyed, we have not reached the limits of the Russian empire.

From surveys like these we are apt to obtain awful conceptions of the greatness of Russia. When we compare it with the western parts of Europe, and observe that England and Wales, multiplied eighty-fold, would be no more than equal in extent to Russia; that France, Spain, or Germany is to this empire as one is to twenty-five; the former kingdoms are likely to fall into contempt, to dwindle into insignificance.

These lofty images, however, will, perhaps, be somewhat lowered when we come to reflect, that ground, not inhabited or cultivated, and not capable of cultivation, is in reality of no more value, in an estimate of national greatness, than so much water. A million of acres of sand, or bog, or *glaciers*, is, indeed, inferior to a million of acres of ocean: since the water abounds with life and motion, and supplies an inexhaustible store of subsistence to those who seek it; but the snows and fogs of Kamtchatka, the dreary sands of Orenburg and Tobolsk, and the mountainous rocks of Yakutska, afford no scope for the plough—no nutrition to the wholesome plants on which civilized man must live, and no air fit to be inhaled by human lungs.

In estimating national power, one consideration is the number of subjects. Three-fourths of this empire are comprised in Siberia; but Siberia is a realm of torpor, solitude and dreariness. One-fifth of it lies within the Arctic circle, and is wandered over by a few thousands of human creatures, whose animal and mental powers are withered and shrunk up by the horrors of the climate.

The rest of Siberia is included between the Arctic circle and the fiftieth degree of north latitude. The state of these provinces, as to fertility and population, may be known by examining the condition of one of them. Kamtchatka, which stretches from one of these parallels to the other, and may therefore lay claim to as lenient an air and pregnant a soil as any of them, will afford a suitable example.

Kamtchatka is larger than Great-Britain, but will produce little corn, and contains *five thousand* people,* which is one person to every twenty square miles. If the rest of Siberia be allowed to be twenty times more fertile and populous than this province, which is a very liberal allowance, the whole number will perhaps amount to four millions.

These millions consist partly of a great number of Tartarian tribes, whose wealth consists in their felt-tents, their wooden buckets, and their herds of mares, oxen and sheep, and partly of a drowsy and amphibious race who live upon the flesh and oil of fish, and are examples of the utmost degradation of which our species is susceptible. They have little on which the rights of sovereignty can be exercised. They render a kind of nominal homage, and pay, as tribute, one of every ten skins which they tare from the foxes and otters of their forests and lakes.

This homage and tribute are occasionally withheld, and must be exacted by bands of Cossacks, whose maintenance costs more than the tribute received. Such is the real

* See Coxe's Ruſſian Diſcoveries

state of four-fifths of the boasted empire of the Russians!

National power generally depends not only on the number of the people governed, but, 1st. On the absoluteness of the sway. 2d. On the civilization and wealth of the people. And, 3d. On the compactness and proximity of their dwellings. The last circumstance, indeed, naturally flows from the preceding one, trade and tillage being the causes and tests of national improvement, and these always tending to collect men into cities and villages.

What is pompously called the Russian empire in Asia, is a nominal and unsettled superiority over savage tribes and barren deserts. Its subjects are poor and barbarous, and dispersed, in small bands, hundreds of miles from each other; and, with few exceptions, vagabonds and rovers without a fixed dwelling or a tilled acre.

Should we compare Russia with the dominions of the German princes, we shall be surprised at the total difference between them. Four millions of impoverished, unlettered, and almost independent savages, are dispersed through Siberia; but the same number of farmers, artizans, villagers, and townsmen, are collected together in the Archdukedom of Austria alone; that is, into a space one hundred and forty times smaller than Asiatic Russia. Hence, in subordination, compactness, civilization, and wealth, Austria infinitely surpasses Siberia, while it is not inferior in the number of inhabitants.

European Russia is a country of immense extent, stretching from the forty-fifth degree N. latitude to the neighbourhood of the pole. Its extent is equal to all the western kingdoms, Britain and Ireland, Spain, Portugal, France, Netherlands, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Hungary, and Poland, taken together. The middle and southern parts have a mild temperature and fertile soil, but one-third of it lies beyond the sixtieth degree, and can therefore differ but little from Siberia. The best portion of the southern provinces is possessed by the Zaporavian, Nogay and Cossack tribes, whose population is extremely scanty, and who are turbulent, fickle, and unprofitable subjects. The best cultivated space is that bordering on the Baltic, and which has been conquered from the Swedes.

If the whole were peopled in the same proportion as Livonia, the population would be thirty millions, but this can by no means be granted, since, on the north, so large a portion as one-third is known to be too moist and too cold for culture, and since so much of its most fertile southern ground is occupied by Tartar hordes.

If the whole were equal in population to the Ukraine and the new kingdom of Tauria, it would amount only to two millions, but this computation can be admitted as little as the other. It will be nearer, and certainly will not fall below the truth, to fix the number of European Russian subjects at *seven millions*, but this does not exceed the population of England, and is only one-fourth of that of France, or Germany; and how immeasurable is the interval between the ignorance and poverty of Russia, and the arts and opulence of England or Saxony!

The Emperor's provinces of Bohemia and Hungary, though far from being the richest and best cultivated of his states, and though only one-tenth of the magnitude of Russia, is equally or more populous. In no country in the world are the false conceptions of magnificence and empire more prevalent than in Russia; no where have the efforts to enlarge dominion been

more uniform and strenuous; no where has the art of transforming men into soldiers been practised to a greater extent. Yet the utmost military force which these vast territories can furnish, including the licentious bands of Tartar cavalry, has never exceeded the regular force of France or Austria.

The half of this force (about one hundred and fifty thousand) is scattered over an extent of six thousand miles, from the fortresses on the Baltic, to those in Kamtchatka; in order to acquire or maintain the superiority of the Muscovites over barbarians, of a thousand tribes, languages, and superstitions, who are compelled to give one-tenth of their substance to enable their oppressors to lounge in their barracks and keep their muskets bright.

The rest are occasionally employed in the field against the Turks, or stationed in the towns of Poland, Finland, and Moldavia, to enforce submission to the Ukaze of *the Emperor of all the Russias*, and to rob the peasants of their black bread. That wretched bread which a churlish soil and domestic tyrants have made too small for wholesome subsistence, must be shared with the slaves of his Imperial majesty; and the morsals wrung from ten thousand hands, come in time to be consolidated and transmuted into a shining pebble, or an hundred square yards of painted canvass. This pebble is destined, perhaps, by imperial munificence, to dangle from the button-hole of a field-marshal, and this canvass will be spread upon the wall of a Saloon, and thus secure to the tenant of the building, the glory of a patron of the arts.

By much the larger part of this tribute is exchanged for fire-arms, and gun-powder, and military uniforms. To what end? To stretch the limits of ideal dominion over more mountains and deserts, and to wrest their hard earnings from the fishers of the Baichal, and the herdsmen of Podoli.

Finally, the whole empire of Russia, including the recent usurpations in Poland and Turkey, contains about fifteen millions of subjects. In mere numbers, therefore, it is far inferior to Austria and France. In every other respect, the inferiority is still more evident. In estimating national power, the importance of numbers is lessened in proportion as they are scattered over a wider space, as they are poor, ignorant, disunited, and imperfectly subjected. In all these respects, Russia may be quoted as a perfect specimen of political debility. There is no region of the globe, in which numbers have a less proportion to extent of ground, whose soil is more sterile, and climate more unfriendly to man, whose inhabitants are more ferocious, and stupid, and forlorn, and more remote from each other in language, habits, and religion; and where the rights of sovereignty are less perfectly established, less profitable to the rulers, and less beneficial to the subjects. H. X.

---

## *Hints for a Funeral Oration.*

EVERY event has some good effects mingled with its evil ones. This is eminetly true with respect to the death of Washington. I condole with my fellow citizens in general, on the loss which they have sustained in the death of one, who, in every political exigence, would have exerted himself for the common safety, with more likelihood of success, with greater purity of motives, with more foresight and caution, and with a larger portion of the general confidence, than any other man living.

But while I condole with the few

who know how to estimate his loss, I heartily congratulate the many on the pleasure which this event will afford them, in gazing at, and sharing in the spectacles and processions, which will, no doubt, follow. I particularly felicitate you, and the rest of you, dealers in rhetoric and poesy, on the occasion which will now be furnished you, of exhibiting your talents.

I do not pretend to be either poet or rhetorician myself; but the judge is sometimes found where we should vainly search for the performer; and he that cannot benefit others by example, may yet do them some service in the way of precept. Permit me, then, to offer you a little advice as to the best mode of conducting yourself in case you should be called upon to honour the memory of this great man with a funeral oration.

In the first place, you must be careful to remember that the peculiar province of the orator and bard, is to give voice to *passion;* and that the only passion worthy of this great occasion, is *grief.* If you have tolerable flexibility of muscles, and any power over your lachrymal secretions, I would counsel you not to be sparing of rueful looks and flowing tears. These mute signs are more eloquent than any words, and are altogether worthy of the ineffable anguish which it becomes every good man to feel on this occasion.

This, however, may be impossible or difficult; and as, at any rate, it is desirable to shew your power over the pathetic in words as well as gestures, it will be proper to make a judicious selection of images and topics. Be careful, then, to paint the universal affliction which the mournful tidings of this death produced throughout the land. Let all business and pleasure be said to be suspended by it; let all the houses of amusement or indolence, and every place of social and convivial meeting, be shut up; let merchants forget the coffee-house, attornies their plea-roll, physicians their patients, and politicians their newspapers; let taylors lay aside their shears, and cobblers their awls; in short, you must describe men and maids, whites and blacks, grey-beards and striplings, as joining in one universal out-cry of sorrow, for the death of their friend, parent, guide, champion, protecting angel, and tutelary divinity.

If your speech be designed to crown and close the solemnities of a funeral procession, you must by no means forget to remind your hearers of the doleful murmurs and grievous aspirations which waited on the pageant as it passed; of the stillness, aping death, and the sympathy of all hearts, with the measured pace, sable emblems, the sad array and dirges lamentable, which dignified the sorrowful day. Fail not to notice the grief of your auditors, the tears which flood the floor of the hall in which they sit, and the sighs fetched from the bottom of the breast, and which form a chorus of praise to the memory of Washington.

Having done this by way of exordium, you may then proceed to pourtray the *character* of Washington; but as, in this case, the mere truth will constitute the highest eulogy, and as this theme is of a kind which scorns all embellishment, and is, "when unadorned, adorned the most," you must rein in your fancy with great force, and confine yourself to a list of his exploits.

In the first place, be sure you tell your hearers that this great man was born in Virginia, somewhere about the year 1730. If you can hit upon the very year, month, and day on which he first saw the light, it will be still better. Inform them, in the next place, that he waged war at an early age against the In-

dians, and that he actually escaped being killed in every battle which he fought with them.

Having sufficiently discussed his juvenile history, you may leap over the large interval between Braddock's defeat and the opening of the revolutionary war. You must then rouse yourself to a mighty effort, and make a powerful appeal to the curiosity and attention of the audience. Having affected this, and chained every eye to your face, and every ear to your lips, you must proceed to relate that your hero was invited by the Congress to take the chief command of their forces. As this is the great scene of Washington's glory, you must not fail to mention that he accepted the commission.

You may then follow him through the various scenes of his eight years warfare. It is not for you to point out the caution he displayed in his attacks, the valour he shewed in his retreats, and the wisdom manifested in his stratagems. Let not the warmth of your emotion betray you into tedious speculations on the requisites of an accomplished general, and be not zealous to display the peculiarities attending the generalship of Washington. Waste no words in scrutinizing the minute links of that chain which connects the fate of armies and nations with the forethought and exertion of a single mind, and in tracing the scarcely visible, but well adjusted series of effects by which the issue of a war is made to depend upon the seasonable vigilance, magnanimity, and penetration of him who *rules the fray*.

I need not caution you against indulging in any subtleties of reasoning by which the freedom and existence of your country, the triumph of her armies, and the confusion of her adversaries, may seem to flow from more causes than one. As in the universal system, the true sublime consists in regarding all things as parts of one plan; as an endlessly subdivided and protracted chain pendant from one link; as fashioned like a cone, whose sides necessarily ascend into one point, of whatever extent the area of its base happens to be, so you must recognize, in our subordinate world, but one creating, modelling, and governing principle; one angel must rule in your storm, and that angel must be Washington.

But this exclusive homage must be denoted by silence rather than by words. You must so conduct yourself that it shall not appear that any one beside Washington possessed an intelligent or moral existence during and since the revolution. You must hang not only the success of the war, but the safety of our present political system, upon his single life. Without him, nothing could have happened that has happened; and, with his departure, the energies that kept us together as one nation, have taken their flight.

Remember that yourself, and your country, and the whole rational creation, are nothing in comparison with your hero, and you must therefore keep yourself and the world out of sight. Your business is to set before us his image, unobscured and undebased by associates, parallels, or contrasts. You must point out, with the naked beauty of truth, the eras of his several exploits. You must tell us the month and day when he arrived at the camp near Boston, when he captured the Hessians at Princeton, when he fought at Brandywine, and when he received the sword of his prisoner Cornwallis. All these were indispensible steps in his glorious and beneficent career. To pass them over unmentioned would, therefore, be unpardonable.

Having finished the military cata-

logue, you will then proceed to tell us how he resigned his commission, how he retired to Mount Vernon, how he obeyed a second call, and, after aiding in the formation of a constitution, contributed to effectuate its benefits by accepting the chair of president.

You may now hasten to a close; and a peroration being the test of oratorical genius, I would advise you to be very cautious in your steps. Call all your tropes and metaphors together; muster up all the sages, and soldiers, and statesmen of history; bring them all to the fane of Washington, and make them, with one voice, acknowledge his pre-eminence. Fabius, and Newton, and Hannibal, and Socrates, and Cincinatus, and Cicero, must be called, by the magic wand of your Hermes, from their long sleep, and be made to cast their garlands at the feet of his statue.

As the occasion of your speech is the *death* of your hero, it will, I think, be safest not to deny that he was mortal; but you may dexterously insinuate that our wishes, joined to the inference naturally flowing from his great age, made us believe, or *almost* believe, that he was immortal; an opinion which, to our inexpressible astonishment and grief, was confuted by his sudden and untimely death.

If it were possible to conjecture the cause of his death, I think your oration would be much embellished by adding your conjecture to the tail of it. They tell us much about a ride in the rain, an affection of the trachea, blood-letting, difficulty of respiration, and the like; but these are circumstances incident to common men. In all cases, they are, perhaps, merely the last links in a long chain, which begins in the counsels of divinity. There must have been some splendid and extraordinary motive in the overruling mind, for permitting the death of *such* a man. What could it be?

From the transports of grief which have seized his countrymen on account of his decease, by the *badge of woe* which hangs from every arm, the tears and laments that flow from all eyes, and burst from all lips, we may estimate the veneration in which he was held while living. This veneration, though no more than adequate to his virtues, was, perhaps, somewhat excessive, considering that Washington was, after all, a finite and perishable being. This reverence was daily gaining strength, and might, in time, have degenerated into flat idolatry. It was worthy, therefore, of our Maker to prevent the commission of so great a sin, by snatching him away from our sight, and shewing us, by this signal interference, that he would not share our worship with a mortal, however wise and brave that mortal might be.

I know not how your speech can end with more dignity than with a display of this magnificent idea. I therefore commend it to your notice, unless, in the promptings of your better genius, some other thought, still more august and suitable, should occur to you. It behoves you to exert yourself to gain this inspiration, and I wish you all possible success.

Yours,

MONENDUS.

*The following Picture of the Emotions of a Youth of fifteen, described by himself, in a Foreign Language, may please some of our Readers on account of its simplicity.* E.

## SOUVENIR D'UN SEJOUR A BOMBAY.

*By* JOHN DAVIS.

*Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*
VIRG.

CE fut sur la fin du mois de Septembre, l'an 1790, que le vaisseau sur lequel j'étois, arriva à Bombay, lieu de notre destination; & ce fut avec une joie inexprimable, que je mis pied à terre: mon cœur étoit ouvert aux plus douces espérances.

Tandis que je jouissois par avance des plaisirs qu'on y prend, j'entendis du bruit, & ensuite j'apperçus à mes trousses, quantité de petits drôles, qui s'assemblerènt autour me moi, & me demandèrent d'un ton doucereux, & sans ménager les révérences, si j'avois besoin d'un Valet.

Je leur répondis qu'oui, & sans perdre de tems, je choisis un petit nègre, dont la physiognomie me plut. Mon laquais, il faut que j'en fasse le portrait, étoit un joli garçon, vif & fort éveillé, sans souci sur l'avenir, & aussi noir qu'il soit possible de l'être. Il se nommoit Restamgie, & il portoit à la main un parasol pour me mettre à l'abri du soleil. Voilà mon Valet.

Nous commençâmes à nous entretenir, chemin faisant. Mon ami, lui dis-je, allons au cabaret: quoique le jour soit avancé, je n'ai pas encore dejeuné, & à vous dire vrai, j'ai grand faim.

Il me repondit avec bien de la naïveté, & ses réponses, loin de me déplaire, me divertissoient. En peu de tems, nous arrivâmes à la porte d'une auberge, dont le maître d'hôtel vint me recevoir tres-gracieusement, & me conduisit à une chambre fort richement meublée, où je demandai à déjeûner d'un ton de voix élevé. Ensuite je conseillai à Restamgie de faire bonne chère dans la cuisine, et en attendant qu'on m'apportât le dejeûner, je me mis à la fénêtre pour voir passer le monde.

L'appetit ne me manque que trés rarement, & en déjeûnant je m'occupai heureusement à la lecture d'une livre François que j'avois dans ma poche; car lire en mangeant fut toujours a mon gré.

Mais je quittai bientôt la lecture pour agaçer une fille noire, que j'observai du coin de l'oeil entrer avec le memoire.

Elle avoit de beaux yeux noirs à l'orientale, un nez bien formé, la bouche mignonne, la taille à la main, & de grands cheveux, couleur d'ébene, qui lui tomboient au jarret.

Je lui payai la dépense & elle s'en alla, en me faisant mille remerciments.

Ma foi! me dis-je, il fait cher vivre ici! A ce compte je dépenserai bientôt mon argent, quoique ma bourse, grâce au ciel, soit à présent honnêtement garnie. Il me vient une pensée. J'ai ouï dire qu'il y a une jolie auberge, a une demi-lieue de Bombay, appellée la Taverne de Campagne, où l'on peut vivre à bon marché: par conséquent la meilleure chose que je puisse faire, c'est d'y aller sur le champ. J'aime bien la Campagne, & quand je demeure à la ville, c'est toujours malgré moi. Mais bon gré, malgré, il faut partir d'ici. Ou est mon laquais? Restamgie! Me voici, mon Maitre! Voilà qui est bien. Déployez votre parasol. Suivez moi. Allons nous en.

Au sortir de la ville, on trouvoit la Campagne bien riante, et on ne découvroit pas un nuage dans tout l'horison. Il faisoit tres-beau pour la promenade.

Si je contemplois avec plaisir le paysage immense qui s'offroit de

tous côtés à mes yeux, je ne fus pas moins frappé du coup d'oeil d'une maison de campagne, peu eloignée, dont l'aspect m'inspiroit les pensées les plus ravissantes. Je m'en approchai avec joie.

Il y avoit devant cette maison des cocotiers en fleurs, qui formoient un ombrage très-agréable, & repandoient un odeur extrêmement delicieuse: derrière, un jardin bien entretenu, & orné d'orangers, au bas duquel couloit avec un doux murmure une petite rivière. Bref, c'étoit une retraite charmante, & je me livrai avec intérêt aux objets champêtres dont j'étois entouré.

Il y avoit trois enfans assis sur le gazon qui s'amusoient alternativement à cueillir des fleurs, pour en faire des bouquets, & à badiner avec un petit chien.

Ils temoignèrent leur surprise à mon arrivée imprevue, & le chien qui se mit à aboyer de toute fa force, en avertit leurs parents, c'est à dire, l'hôte & l'hôtesse.

L'hôte, car c'est la Taverne de Campagne dont je parle, étoit un homme de cinquante ans à peu prés, dont le maintien me frappa. Son souris, sa maniere d'être, tout annoncoit la candeur de son ame.

Il étoit dans le balcon occupé a fumer sa pipe, & hôtesse étoit assise auprés de lui s'amusant à jouer de la harpe. La belle chose que la musique! C'étoit une femme d'un accueil plein de bonté, avec une physiognomie douce, & un sourire gracieux. Dès que j'approchai de la maison, ils se levèrent, & me saluèrent très poliment. En un mot, nous fumes connoissance en peu de tems, & je demeurai chez eux environ six jours.

Que c'est un spectacle doux, que celui d'une maison où regnent l'innocence & le bonheur. Je voudrois sçavoir d'où vient le charme attirant que mon cœur trouvoit à l'image de cette famille, peu brillante, mais où presidoit je ne sais quel delicieux mélange de paix, de familiarité, d'union!

Qui décrira les agrémens de nos repas?

Je me souviendrai toujours de la Salle à manger, où nous mîmes à table sur le trois heures apres midi. L'amenblement en étoit blanc. Je vois Restamgie auprès de ma chaise, attentif à mes paroles, & cherchant dans mes yeux ce que j'allois démander. J'entends encore le bruit des tambours des *Siapois*, en marche, proche de la maison!—Ces circonstances toutes simples qu'elles paroissent, je me les rapelle avec plaisir!

On ne manquoit guère chez M. Loudwich, de faire bonne chère, & de boire d'excellent vin. Quand la chaleur augmentoit, quelle joie de m'asseoir auprès de Madame Loudwich, dans le balcon, & d'y fumer, presque en l'air, un espece de pipe, qu'on appelle un *Houcca*, en causant avec elle tantôt de ceci, tantôt de cela. C'etoit effectivement une aimable femme; douce de cœur, caressante, qui ne manquoit pas d'esprit, & qui me prit en amitié.

Les jours se passoient de cette sorte, & enfin lorsque minuit approchoit, je me rendois dans ma chambre, où je me couchois dans un petit lit qui valoit celui d'un Chanoine.

Souvenir plein de charmes!

Après un doux sommeil, je me levois aux premiers rayons de l'Aurore, pour aller passer quelques heures le matin, dans le jardin de mon hôte; y respirer le parfum des Orangers, dont j'etois environné, ravi du chant des oiseaux, & du gazouillement des ruisseaux.

Souvenir doux & agréable!

Quelquefois, enfermé dans ma chambre, je m'amusois à lire des livres que j'avois empruntés de mon hôtesse, en mangeant, en meme tems, un coco, où quelque autre fruit délicieux.

Moments heureux & delectables!

Deux ou trois fois la semaine, je louois un chariot traîné par des vaches, voiture bien connue aux Indes Orientales, & je prenois la route de *Dungarée*, petite ville peu élogineé, où l'on peut gouter toutes les douceurs de la vie dans un commerce agréable avec les habitants, gens aimables par leur accueil aisé, & leur esprit liant.

Souvenir plein d'aménite!

Quelquefois, sur le soir, M. Loudwich, sa femme, & moi, nous allions tous ensemble faire un tour de jardin, par un beau clair de lune, pour y prêter l'oreille au chant du rossignol, dont le ramage nous faisoit tressaillir!

Odi quello Usignuolo,
Che va di ramo in ramo,
Cantando, Io amo, Io amo!
L'Aminte du Tasse.

Ecoutez ce Rosignol, qui voltige de rameau, en rameau, en chantant J'aime, J'aime!

Ainsi couloient mes heures à Bombay, & tel y étoit mon train de vie!

Ces plaisirs dont je jouissois avec ardeur, n'étoient troublés que par la crainte de les perdre.

Je n'envisageois qu'avec tristesse le Navire auquel j'appartenois, les travaux que j'allois entreprendre, les persécutions insupportables des officiers, les manières brusques des matelots.

Adieu mon hôte, adieu mon hôtesse! Il faut quitter votre solitude, il faut monter à bord: Je vais retourner dans ma patrie. De grace, pensez quelque fois à votre etranger. Pour moi, je vous rapellerai sans cesse à ma memoire. Estime, souvenir, amitié, tout vous est dû.

# American Review.

## Art. VII.

*A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two vols.* 8vo. *By* Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

[Continued from p. 36.]

WE cannot pass over the subsequent part of this catalogue of plagues, flood, &c. without remarking that the incidents and quotations are not arranged with the utmost accuracy of method. They are interspersed with observations which, for the most part, are imperfect anticipations of what is afterwards to be proved, or repetitions of each other.

There is nothing with regard to which the truth is more difficult to ascertain, on which men are more prone to exaggerate, and on which, therefore, common historical evidence is more delusive, than the havock which plagues, famines, and convulsions of the elements produce. If Mr. W. aimed at the removal of this evil, he might imagine some utility in presenting it to us in the strongest light, and admitting, without much scruple, the pictures which historians have left us. When he finds occasion to speak in his own person, he might naturally be tempted to make the largest guesses and inferences as to the extent of the ruin to which our own infatuation, ignorance, and vices expose us. In proportion as our compassion for others, and fears for our own safety were ex-

cited, it might be expected that we would bestir ourselves in searching for and employing the means of prevention and cure.

It happens, however, somewhat unfortunately, that the chief design of our author is to shew that epidemics are effects of general and irremediable causes; that they are connected with revolutions of earth and air, which cannot be foreseen, and when they take place, cannot be disarmed of their malignant influence. That horrid series of calamities depicted by him, has little tendency, therefore, but to dishearten and affright us. We turn away from the shocking spectacle with sickening and loathing, and are prompted to exclaim against the equity of that contriver who entailed such various, incessant, and exquisite misery on his creatures.

With these views, we feel less disposed to forgive any appearance of exaggeration in the painter. Where the genuine evil is of such magnitude, it seems superfluous to enhance it by groundless and fallacious suppositions, or by implicit acquiescence in doubtful testimony. We may indure to see things as they really are, however disastrous and deplorable they may be, but may reasonably object to fanciful additions or extravagant deductions. We are sorry, therefore, to observe in our author, somewhat of this melancholy temper; a faith in annalists and chroniclers somewhat too obsequious, and a mind needlessly prone to decorate and amplify their tales of horror.

The following quotations will evince the lugubrious spirit of our author, and exhibit the use which he makes of his materials. He is describing the plague which prevailed in the middle of the fourteenth century. These are some of the particulars:

"Preceding and during the prevalence of the disease, *the whole earth* was shaken by most tremendous earthquakes. *All* Germany was shaken in 1346. In 1349, on the ninth of September, Sicily was shaken *to its foundation*, together with *all* Italy. In Greece, many cities were overthrown; and, in many places, towns and castles were demolished. Thousands of people were swallowed up, and the courses of rivers were obstructed.

"The pestilential state of air, in that period, is strongly marked by the appearance of *myriads* of unusual and loathsome insects, not only in *China*, but in Europe. They are described as young serpents, or as venomous insects, or as large vermin with tails and eight short legs—in which description, probably, a frightened imagination had some share of influence. But of their existence, there can be no doubt.

"This plague was so deadly that at least *half* or *two thirds* of the human race perished in about *eight years*. It was most fatal in cities, but in *no place* died less than *a third* of the inhabitants. In many cities, perished *nine out of ten* of the people, and many places were wholly depopulated. In London, 50,000 dead bodies were buried in one grave-yard. In Norwich died about the same number. In Venice, died 100,000. In Lubec, 90,000. In Florence, the same number. In the east, perished *twenty millions in one year*. In Spain, the disease raged three years, and carried off *two thirds* of the people. Alphonso II. died with it while besieging Gibraltar.

"In this fatal period, the apprehension of death destroyed the value of property. In England, cattle were neglected, and they ran at large over the country. The corn perished in the fields for want of reapers; whole villages were depopulated; and after the malady ceased, multitudes of

houses and buildings of all kinds were seen mouldering to ruin. A horse which before had been worth forty shillings, after the sickness, sold for half a mark.

"Although in the year preceding there had been a plenty of provisions, yet, the neglect of agriculture during the general distress, produced a famine. Such was the loss of labourers, that the few survivors afterwards demanded exorbitant wages, and the parliament of England was obliged to interfere, and limit their wages, and even compel men to labour.—See 23d Edward III. A. D. 1350. The preamble states, that a great part of the people, especially workmen and servants, had died of the late pestilence; and those who survived, seeing the necessity of men, demanded excessive wages.

"This disease was particularly fatal in Denmark: all business was at a stand, towns were deserted, and all was terror and despair. It reached the highest northern latitudes; it broke out in Iceland, and was so fatal, that the settlements there are supposed not to have since recovered their population. It was called the *sorte diod*, black death.

"In some places, people attempted to escape infection by taking their families on board of vessels, and putting to sea; but it was in vain; they were seized in every place, without regard to age or sex.

"A phenomenon attending this plague, was the *death of fish.* This circumstance, with the bad state of the weather, which is often affected by the pestilential state of the elements, and was greatly affected in this period, gave rise to a report that the Jews had poisoned the wells and springs. The prejudices against the Jews, which have marked and scandalized all christian countries, except America, were at their height in the reign of Edward III. of England, the period under consideration. These prejudices drove legislators and princes to exercise every species of cruelty upon the Israelites, on account of their usury; and, when the report of their poisoning the water circulated, the populace, in some places, and especially in Germany, rose and assassinated multitudes of these unfortunate men.

"The death of animals, particularly of sheep, marked the same period. In England, 5000 died *in one pasture.* The state of the air and water was so pestilential, that it is averred by historians the fowls and fishes had bloches on them."

Nothing is more common in this history, than accounts of earthquakes which shook the whole earth, floods that swept away thousands, and plagues that destroyed two thirds of the human race. These facts are not naturally impossible, but surely we may demand stronger evidence of their truth than the chroniclers of the middle ages, and the physicians of Italy and France. Our author's theory does not require all this geographical and arithmetical precision; and will stand or fall whether we adopt or reject many of these evidences; but their tendency is hurtful, by reflecting discredit on the penetration, or the candour of the author, and the value of his "facts" is lessened by being associated with improbabilities or fictions. Before sentence was pronounced upon the veracity of compilers, Mr. Webster should have recollected how much his situation compelled him to rely upon their evidence, and how much of his narrative is derived from no other source.

The following extract will serve as an example of the mode in which our author reasons on the controverted point of imported and specific contagion, in relation to the

pestilence of the last century in Europe:

"English authors all agree that the disease was imported into England from Holland, in some bales of cotton! 'O fatal bales of cotton!' says Short. This tale has been recorded and repeated by every writer on the subject, without a single document in evidence to prove that any cotton was imported, or that the first persons seized had ever seen such cotton. The whole tale rests on assertion. That the seeds of the distemper were *not* imported is evident from the acknowledged facts relative to its origin; and is demonstrated by the history of the preceding diseases found in the works of Sydenham.

"The origin of the pestilence, which arrived to its crisis in 1665, is to be traced back to the year 1661, when malignant diseases began to appear in different and distant parts of the world. 'In London, the intermitting tertian fever,' says Sydenham, 'became epidemic, and differed from the same disease in other years, by new and unusual symptoms, which, in short, amounted to this, that they were *all more violent*. In winter, the disease yielded, as usual, to cold; but continued fevers prevailed every winter.' These fevers, with some variations, continued until the spring of 1665, and the bills show how much they augmented the mortality in London. This increased malignity in usual diseases, with an increase of the number and mortality of epidemics, is the constant precursor of the plague or other pestilential fevers.

"Notwithstanding the clear evidence of these facts, authors have conjured up a tale of importation which would *disgrace a school-boy by its inconsistency*. The account states, 'That a violent plague raged in Holland in 1663, on which account, the importation of merchandize from that country was prohibited by the British Legislature in 1664. Notwithstanding this prohibition, *it seems the plague had actually been imported;* for in the close of 1664, two or three persons died suddenly in Westminster, *with marks of the plague on their bodies.*—Some of their neighbours, terrified at the thoughts of their danger, removed into the city; but too late; for they soon died of the plague, and communicated the infection to others. It was confined, however, through a hard, frosty winter, till the middle of February, when it again appeared in the Parish of St. Giles, to which it had been originally brought; and after another long rest, till April, showed its malignant force afresh, as soon as the warmth of spring gave it opportunity. *At first, it took off one here and there, without any certain proof of their having infected each other.*

Encyclopedia, art. London. 21.

"In the substance of the foregoing statement, all authors are agreed, and I want no other proof that the report of the importation of the disease is *all a vulgar, childish tale;* the propagation of which is a disgrace to philosophy, and to the faculty of that age.

"In the first place we have no authentic evidence in any author, that any bales of cotton were brought from Holland to London, at that time. The whole assertion rests on vulgar report, and is wholly unsupported by proof. Had the report been well founded, the fact might have been ascertained, and in an affair of such magnitude, probably would have been. The importation of goods from Holland was prohibited by act of parliament.

"In the second place, the disease first appeared in Westminster, not in the commercial city of London, but in a place where bales of cotton

would be the least likely to be deposited and opened; Westminster being the residence of the nobility and gentry, rather than a place of commerce.

"In the third place, no proof is stated that the persons first seized had any connection with bales of cotton.

"In the fourth place, the death of two or three persons, with the plague-marks on their bodies, in December, 1664, is no evidence of any imported infection at that time; for the bills of mortality show, and the reader is desired to turn to them, to be satisfied, that a smaller number died that year of the plague than had died of it in any of the six preceding years. In the year 1659 died of that disease 36—in 1661 died 20, and every year more or less. In 1664 died but 6 of the plague, and yet this number, small as it was, must be proof of the importation of infection, *that year*, when *greater numbers*, in preceding years, are passed over in silence! In such accounts, there must be want of knowledge, or *want of honesty*. The plague imported from Holland! when the city of London had not been free from it for twenty-eight years preceding! See the bills of mortality.

"Besides, why in the name of common sense, should 'two or three' infected persons, in 1664, spread the plague over London, and desolate the city, when twelve, fourteen, twenty, and thirty-six infected persons, who died in preceding years, produced no ill effects? To account for such effects on the principle of *infection*, is not possible; and men of science *ought to be ashamed of such absurdities.*

"In the fifth place, the suspension of the disease, during six weeks, is evidence that infection had no agency in spreading the disease. It is a fact known and acknowledged, that *infection* cannot be preserved for a tenth part of that time in the open air. Air dissolves the poison of any disease in a very short time. Infection can only be preserved in confinement, as in close vessels or packages of goods. The walls of an infected house will be cleansed by the action of air in a very few days, so as to be perfectly harmless. During the six weeks suspension of the plague in London, where was the infection concealed to preserve it from air and frost?

"Was the fomes shut up by design for a few weeks, and then set at liberty? Had the persons who were first seized in February, any access to the infected houses or clothes of those who died in December? Is this probable? There is no suggestion of this sort.

"Then, again, another interval of several weeks elapsed from the death of those in February, before others were seized. It is not solely improbable; but I aver, that the fomes or infecting principle of no disease whatever, can be suspended in a state of inaction, in the open air, and afterwards give rise to disease. Unless, therefore, it can be proved that the persons who died in April had access to infection, which had been closely confined from the air, they could never have received the disease from the virus generated in February or December. Now it appears from the statement, that the persons seized in February lived in a different part of the city from those who died in December, and no suggestion that they had an intercourse with any infected object.

"But the last sentence of the statement disproves fully all assertions and suspicions respecting infection. It seems that when the disease showed itself in spring, it seized one here, and another there, in scattered situations, 'without any certain proof of their having infected each other.' This is

usually the case in the plague, and in the yellow fever, in the ulcerous sore throat, the dysentery, and other contagious, epidemic diseases. The whole mystery is, that any disease will *first* seize the constitutions least capable of resisting that state of air from which the disease proceeds. One person will sustain a vitiated air for one day only, another for two days, and a third for a week, before his constitution yields to the destructive principle. It is precisely with the access of the plague, in a city, as with a company of men going from a healthy situation into a marshy place: one man will be seized very speedily with the ague and fever, another will sustain his health for a week or two, and some, perhaps, escape unaffected. This example explains the phenomena which attend the invasion of pestilence, as related by Evagrius, Diemerbroeck, and others, and which will be more fully discussed in a subsequent section.

"The account, therefore, of the origin of the plague in London in 1665, not only does not prove the disease to have proceeded from imported fomes, but actually demonstrates the impossibility of the fact.

"But we have better evidence than the popular accounts afford us, that the disease was generated in the city of London. Sydenham has left facts on record which place this point beyond controversy.

"After describing the multiplied diseases of increased malignity which prevailed in London from 1661 to 1665, and which swelled greatly the bills of mortality in that city, he informs us that in May, 1665, he was called to assist a woman of a sanguine habit, who was seized with violent fever and frequent vomitings. He was surprised at the singularity of the symptoms, and puzzled to know how to treat the disease. The woman died the 14th day. He observed her face, during the fever, to be red; and that, a little before her death, a few drops of blood issued from her nose. These, and other circumstances, suggested to him the use of bleeding, and his next patient recovered.

"This species of malignant fever soon spread, and towards the close of May and beginning of June, became epidemic. Soon after appeared the true plague, with its characteristic symptoms. After stating these facts, Sydenham says, 'Whether the fever under consideration deserves to be entitled a plague, I dare not positively affirm; but this I know by experience, that all who were then seized with the true plague, attended with all its peculiar concomitants, and for some time afterwards, in my neighbourhood, had the same train of symptoms, both in the beginning and through the course of the disease.'

"He then observes that he attended some persons with the true plague, and afterwards he saw several cases of a similar fever.

See chap. ii. sect. 2.

"Had not the faculty been blinded to truth by their theory of *specific contagion*, it would not have been possible so long to overlook the *progressiveness* of the plague, which not only Sydenham, but many physicians of the 16th and 17th centuries observed and recorded.

"The malignant diseases which prevailed from 1661 to 1664, marked a *pestilential state of air* in London. We now know what Sydenham could not know, that this unhealthy state of air extended not only over Europe, but over Persia and America. But the malignant fever which appeared in May, as described by Sydenham, was the *first stage of the plague*, or mild form of the disease, which *always* precedes that state of it which is characterized by bubos.

This form of the disease appears before the season or state of the atmosphere is advanced sufficiently to give the destructive principle its full force.

"The same species of fever preceded the terrible plague in Venice and in Naples, as before related; and this is always the cause of uncertainty and controversy, respecting the nature of the disease, at its commencement. And it is remarkable that this milder form of the plague often rages for many months before the disease arrives to its crisis. Thus, in London, the pestilential principle produced a few cases of real plague, in the winter of 1664-5. The cases must have occurred in constitutions more irritable, or susceptible of the cause, than bodies in general; or the persons must have been exposed to the action of powerful local causes, or to extreme debility. The severe frost doubtless suspended the operation of the pestilential principle—but on the opening of spring, the operation began, and proceeded, from the malignant epidemic of May, to produce the most deadly effects.

"It has been alleged, and generally admitted, that the plague was introduced into Amsterdam, in 1663, by a vessel from the Mediterranean. It is probable that if this question could be fully canvassed, the popular belief would appear to have had no better foundation than many opinions in America, in regard to the importation of the yellow fever, which are proved to rest merely on conjectures, suppositions, and vague reports. But in regard to the origin of the pestilence in Holland, in this instance, it is wholly immaterial whether popular opinion was well founded or not; for we have the express authority of Diemerbroeck, that anterior to the arrival of the ship, with the supposed infection, the plague broke out in Heusden, a town on a branch of the Meuse, surrounded by a morass, not a maritime place. Besides, the spotted fever, which precedes the plague, and turns into it, had been prevailing in all parts of Holland in the preceding year. The pestilence, therefore, originated in Holland, *before the infection arrived;* and the tales of importation vanish in smoke.

"According to the bills of mortality, London lost upwards of 68,000 inhabitants by the plague in 1665, and more than 28,000 by other diseases. As the 28,000 deaths by common diseases must have occurred mostly in the six first months of the year, before the plague raged, this circumstance shows what a great increase of mortality preceded the plague. With such evidence before their eyes, how can discerning men look abroad for the sources of the malady!

"It should also be remarked that this calamity among the human race, was preceded by a great mortality among cattle in 1664.

"It must not pass unobserved, that the summer of 1665, in England, was very temperate, the weather fine and the fruits good. All the writers of that day agree, that no cause of pestilence could be observed in the visible qualities of the season.

"This was the last plague that has appeared in London, or in Great-Britain. The disappearance of the plague in that and other countries, is a most consoling fact, and one that has not a little engaged the minds of philosophic men, to discover the cause. The causes usually assigned are, the destruction of the city by fire in 1666, the more airy, convenient construction of the modern city, the introduction of fresh water, with more cleanliness, and improved habits of living.

"These reasons would have more weight in my mind, if the other large cities in England, in France, Spain, Holland, and Germany, which have neither been burnt nor improved in their general structure, had not also escaped the ravages of pestilence. But as the plague has not visited Paris and Amsterdam, which retain their ancient construction, no more than London, which has been improved, we must resort to other circumstances for the causes of this exemption."

Close attention to an abstruse subject, and to the arguments on one side of a controversy, is apt to generate strong convictions, and to make us suspect the candour, penetration and knowledge of our adversaries. We are in danger of changing compassion for the errors of others, into contempt of their understanding, or abhorrence of their motives; and, instead of concentering all our energies in argument, or disarming prejudice and opposition by the mildness of our treatment, by conciliation and gentleness of manners, we are likely to deal too much in sarcasm and invective. Instead of weakening the prepossessions that fight against us, and gaining at least a candid audience to our reasonings, we are merely heightening these hostile prepossessions, and irritating the pride of our antagonists. He that is railed at and despised for his opinions, will be sure to hold them faster than ever; and whatever be the benefits of truth, its advocates are in reality counteracting and frustrating their own efforts, and increase the number and obstinacy of their foes, infinitely more by their invectives than they lessen it by their raticionation.

These errors in controversy are to be deplored in proportion to the benefits flowing from agreement in opinion. The bickerings and animosities of disputants, respecting the origin of epidemics, is a subject of particular regret; and we are sincerely sorry to observe, in the work before us, so many proofs of a contemptuous spirit. We are not qualified to say whether the advocates for importation and contagion are right or wrong in their belief, but we may venture to affirm, that the imputations of puerile inconsistency, vulgar credulity, and childish folly, can only tend to render their belief more strong, and their opposition more strenuous.

*(To be continued.)*

## Art. VIII.

*Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.*

[Continued from p. 53.]

THIS collection is enriched by several valuable papers on the natural history and antiquities of America. These are chiefly the productions of Dr. B. S. Barton, whose eminence, in these instructive branches of inquiry, is generally acknowledged.

The most important of these, is *a memoir on the fascinating faculty ascribed to the rattle-snake, and other serpents of America, by B. S. Barton.* This performance has been long before the world, and will not, therefore, demand a very copious analysis. Some of our snakes have been generally supposed to attack other animals within their reach, by steadfastly gazing at them. The eye is a powerful organ, and its influence is well known; but whether that influence be of a moral, or physical, or mixed kind, is not easily determined. Whether it darts forth a subtile fluid, which enters and operates in a mechanical manner on the frame, or

whether it weakens the frame, by first taking away courage and forethought, is a subject of curious speculation. The power of the eye, in general, is signally great; but serpents have been supposed to be endued with a larger share of this power, or, at least, to exercise it more extensively than any other animal.

Our author affirms this faculty in serpents to be no more than a vulgar error, and alleges a variety of considerations to shew the probability, that their food is, in all cases, procured in the ordinary modes. He finds that the food of snakes, consisting of frogs, and the callow young of birds is, for the most part, such as can be gained without the fascinating power. Hence he infers, that such power, being unnecessary, is not possessed. As to the tales of fascination current among rustics and travellers, he thinks the true meaning of appearances has been mistaken, and that the flutterings, cries, and rash approaches of squirrels and birds, noticed upon these occasions, proceed only from the anxiety of parents for their young.

This conclusion is adopted from noting that the birds most commonly observed to experience this influence, are such as build their nests upon the ground, or on low bushes, which only are accessible to the rattle-snake; that the stomach of snakes is generally found to contain the *young* of birds; that instances of supposed fascination generally occur at seasons when these birds lay their eggs and rear their young; that snakes are often driven away, and sometimes killed, by the exertions of the parent; and that the black-snake, particularly, has been seen to exert much ingenuity to gain access to nests, which exertions would be superseded by the fascinating faculty, if that were possessed.

*On an American Species of Dipus, or Jerboa. By the same.*

This animal, hitherto a non-descript, is here copiously described. It is accompanied with a suitable figure.

*Observations on certain Articles taken from an Indian Grave, in the North-Western Territory. By the same.*

The very curious subject of this essay will be best explained by the author himself.

"In the following inquiry, I shall offer some of my reasons for believing that there formerly existed, in many parts of North-America, a race of people, who, whilst they were more numerous, had made much greater advances in the arts, and in improvement, than the present races of Indians, *or than their ancestors since our actual acquaintance with them.*

"The Aztecas, or Mexicans, in the progress of their migration from the northern country of Aztlan, to the vale in which they afterwards founded the capital of their empire, discovered many and extensive ruins. These ruins were supposed, by the Mexicans, to be vestiges of the Toltecas, a numerous and powerful people, who had made greater advances in the arts of life, and in one of the sublimest of sciences,* than any of the other nations of the new world. The Toltecas are said to have begun their emigration towards the close of the sixth, or the beginning of the seventh century of the christian æra.† The Mexicans began their departure about the middle of the twelfth century.‡ If these accounts, therefore, can be depended upon,

* Aſtronomy. † About the year 596, according to Clavigero.

‡ According to Clavigero, in the year 1160. Dr. Robertſon ſays, it was "towards the commencement of the thirteenth century." The hiſtory of America, vol. iii. p. 156. London. 1796.

it would appear that the works discovered by the Mexicans had been constructed sometime between the beginning of the seventh, and the middle of the twelfth century.

"Whatever credit may be due to this traditional account concerning the Toltecas, whether they were the ancestors of the Peruvians, as I have sometimes been induced to believe,* whether they were an aboriginal or foreign colony, whose progeny exists no more, or whether the whole is a tale that has no foundation in truth, I shall not pause to inquire. Whatever may be the fate of these speculations concerning the Toltecas, I think no person that has minutely attended to the numerous vestiges which are daily discovered in various parts of North-America, will hesitate to believe that there has been a period when a great part of this continent was inhabited by nations who were more numerous than the present races of Indians, and who had attained to a considerable degree of improvement in the arts."

These vestiges of ancient nations are said to be,

1. Artificial mounds of earth, designed to be fortresses in time of war, the bases of temples, or the graves of men.

2. Traditions, at this time current among the Indian tribes, and by which they uniformly describe their ancestors as more numerous and powerful than themselves, and ascribe their decay and dispersion to wars and pestilence.

Little stress should be laid upon traditions, and the mere tradition of greater numbers, and consequently greater power, proves nothing as to the greater refinement of the ancients.

3. Decline of the numbers and improvements of the Indians within our own historical observation.

Pestilence and war have nearly extirpated the aborigines between the Great River and the Ocean; but is not the remnant on a level, morally and intellectually considered, with their forefathers?

The superstitions of unlettered hunters and fishers cannot be stable; but it does not appear that the Indian dreams were more coherent or beneficent formerly than at present. Our author speaks of the loss of the sublime principles of their religion, the belief of divine superintendance and a future state. We are afraid that it would be hard to shew that these principles have been, at any time, less distorted by ignorance, and polluted by ferocious habits, than at present. Is there any historical proof, that the arts, connected with subsistence or convenience, have degenerated among our Indians? Some of their primæval arts and instruments, it is true, they have abandoned, but merely to adopt those of the European colonists, and this is a species of improvement. The extinction of the Natchez and their sacred fire, are proofs of change,

* The empire of the Toltecas is said to have terminated about the year 1052. The Spaniards first arrived in Peru in the year 1526, at which time Huana Capac was the reigning monarch of the country. According to the Peruvian story, Huana was the twelfth monarch, in succession, from Manco Capac, who is said to have founded the empire about four hundred years before. This period will carry us back to within less than one hundred years of the end of the Toltecan empire. My account of the Toltecas is taken from the Abbé Saverio Clavigero's History of Mexico, one of the most valuable works that has ever been published on the subject of America. The History of Mexico, collected from Spanish and Mexican historians, &c. translated from the original Italian by Charles Cullen, Esq. vol. i. p. 83, 84, 85, 88, and 89. London. 1787. It is rather remarkable that Acosta makes no mention of the Toltecas.

but not of degeneracy. The only circumstance of declension *known to us*, is that of their numbers; but the causes of *this* declension began to operate at the arrival of Columbus. Wars may exterminate a tribe, and plagues may depopulate a continent, but the influence of these causes, prior to the colonization from Europe, is merely conjectural.

4. Similarity between Indian and Asiatic mythology.

This may throw some light upon the origin of American or Asiatic population, but not upon the state of ancient manners. Indeed these facts would rather lead to an opposite conclusion, and prove, if any thing be proved, not that Americans were once as wise as Asiatics are now, but, on the contrary, that Asiatics were rude and ignorant at the time of the migration to America, as the Americans at present are.

5. Monuments and fragments have been found in the northern regions of America, evincing as great improvement in astronomy as was attained by the Mexicans.

What are these monuments and fragments? They may go far to point out the ancient limits, dwellings, and migrations of the Mexicans.

6. The structure of some American languages is more artificial and refined, and their fertility greater than was to be expected from people in their uncivilized state.

This is delicate and dubious ground whereon to build hypothesis. To settle the analogy between the *structure* of language, including derivation, inflection, and syntax, and the state of the other arts in a nation, must be an arduous province. We are unacquainted with any incontestable principles, by the application of which this opinion of our author is enforced. Monboddo, and other speculators on the history of language, take things as they are found, and paint the dialect of Hurons and Oneidas as consistent with their savage condition.

We may mistake the author's meaning when he speaks of the fertility of language. It commonly denotes two things: first, many words for the same object; and, secondly, words for a great number of objects. In the first sense, fertility of language proves nothing; in the second sense, it reflects light upon the present only, and not upon the past condition of the speakers.

The Indian tongues are not written. Hence, words formerly in use cannot be compared with those in use at present. We must not suppose that the Indians employ words without meaning. If they did, it might be permitted to inquire whether sounds were once significant which now signify nothing.

There are but two causes of permanence in language; the use of writing, and the permanence of the moral, social, and intellectual condition of the speakers. If the Indians be remarkably *retentive* of their language, which is, itself, a somewhat dubious proposition, what inference can thence be drawn respecting their former condition? That it was the same as their present. Permanence and change will, indeed, be somewhat influenced by the fertility or poverty of the language; but the fertile, contrary to our author's opinion, is surely more liable to change, because changes may be made with more facility and less inconvenience, than the poor.

By Indian *retentiveness*, in this respect, perhaps, was meant their reluctance to adopt the words of their European neighbours. From this, if it be true, no inference relative to former times, or the riches of their native dialect, can be deduced.

Besides, how should it appear that they are *remarkably* retentive? What nation can be found with whom to compare them in this respect?

7. The Natchez were distinguished, like the Mexicans, by a ceremonious and ordinary style of speaking. Some other North-American tribes had a similar distinction between the language of political debate and that of conversation.

From this circumstance, nothing more than affinity or intercourse with Mexico can be inferred. No light is hence derived, with respect to ancient times; at least, no argument of degeneracy can be built upon this fact.

8. Radical languages, in America, are few, and dialects slightly, differing from each other, are extremely numerous. Hence we may infer a time when the nations were more closely united, and numerous societies cannot subsist without considerable progress in refinement.

From similitude of language among tribes dispersed over a wide space, what shall we infer? That they once lived closer to each other, and too closely to permit them to subsist in their present state of fishers and hunters? This inference is far less plausible than that they are derived from a common and recent origin. Population is proportioned to the means of subsistence; and a hunting country will usually be stocked with as many people as mere hunting will enable to live. Their numbers may occasionally be thinned by pestilence and war, but will soon rise to one point, beyond which they cannot go. Tribes recently branching out from common ancestors, will preserve various resemblances to each other, and especially in language. This community of origin may, therefore, be inferred from resemblance in language; but it is difficult to conceive how those have come to be scattered over half the world, whose ancestors, *as numerous as themselves*, lived close together.

9. Hieroglyphical characters were formerly known in North-America, as appears from very ancient inscriptions of that kind, to be found in Virginia, and apparently engraven with metalic instruments.

Inscriptions on a rock prove, no doubt, the existence of an agent and an instrument; but whether the inscribers were many or few; whether they were sojourners or residents; whether they were members of a foreign nation, who left behind them these lasting memorials of their journies, or were priests and guides of a nation settled around the rocks where these inscriptions appear, are uncertainties that are not likely to be ever removed.

The Mexicans were acquainted with hieroglyphics. It is possible, therefore, that wanderers from Mexico accidentally visited this spot, and presently forsook it for some other abode. It is likewise possible that these were the former seats of the Mexican nation, during their continuance in which, they arrived, at least, at the knowledge of hieroglyphic characters. The former supposition is most plausible.

On the whole, a cautious reasoner will be disposed to lay small stress upon any of these clues to the knowledge of antiquity, except the first. The mounds and eminences, whose regularity evinces them to be produced by man, and the fragments of metal or stone, found below or on the surface of the earth, and whose mathematical shapes also prove them to be artificial, constitute the only basis hitherto discovered for speculations on the ancient state of America.

The remains which are here described consist of pieces of stone, wrought and smoothed with great exactness, some into mathematical figures, and one of them into the shape of a bird's bill, and a small

piece of copper. Similar figures are not to be found among the present Indians. The grave appears to have been dug and occupied many centuries ago.

In search of some plausible conjecture as to the nature and uses of these remains, Dr. B. quotes various particulars respecting the manners, and religion, and arts of the Mexicans. From these inquiries, he is led to infer, that these were superstitious and ornamental appendages of the person of some chief; and that these remains testify the ancient existence of a race of men about the conflux of the Mississippi and Ohio, not inferior in civilization to the Mexicans.

Future discoveries will add new force to this conjecture, or will weaken it. Much will depend upon the number of these sculptured ornaments. If graves of this kind be very numerous, and widely scattered, they will afford stronger proof of the existence of a *nation*. A single rock covered with inscriptions, or a *single* grave, will afford a slender harvest to the sickle of an antiquarian.

*(To be continued.)*

## Art. IX.

*An* Oration *on the* Death *of* General Washington. *By* Governeur Morris. *Delivered at the Request of the Corporation of the City of New-York, Dec.* 31, 1799, *and published by their Request.* Furman. 1800. *pp.* 24.

It may be said, without derogation to the numerous rhetoricians who have devoted their genius to the same theme, that popular esteem was more ardent and unanimous with respect to *this* orator, than to any of his compeers. His personal acquaintance with that great scene in which the late President performed so memorable a part; the maturity of his age; the ample limits of his observation, and the long exercise of his intelligence on political topics, were justly imagined to place him far above all other competitors for this office, and carried to a very lofty pitch the expectations of the public. This eulogy, stripped of all the fascinations of looks and gesture, and all the magic of tones, is now submitted to our sober and dispassionate inspection, and the delicate and arduous function is assigned to us of weighing its topics, and scrutinizing its style.

As to the strain of reasoning and description contained in this oration, two or three examples will afford a more accurate conception of it, than any general criticism. A certain domestic privation allotted to Washington, would not readily occur to ordinary eulogists, and certainly would not suggest to men of ordinary genius, reflections like the following:—

"Bound by the sacred ties of wedded love, his high example strengthened the tone of public manners. Beloved, almost adored by the amiable partner of his toils and dangers, who shared with him the anxieties of public life, and sweetened the shade of retirement, no fruit was granted to their union. No child to catch with pious tenderness the falling tear, and soothe the anguish of connubial affliction. No living image remains to her of his virtues, and she must seek them sorrowing in the grave. Who shall arraign, oh God! thy high decree? Was it in displeasure, that to the father of his country thou hadst denied a son? Was it in mercy, lest the paternal virtues should have triumphed (during some frail moment) in the patriot bosom? Americans! he had no child—*but you*—and *he was all your own.*"

It cannot be expected that the

eyes of the poet or orator should look at objects in the same point of view with physiologists or metaphysicians. It is the business of the latter to trace the greatest events to the smallest causes; whereas it is the orator's province to take care that the cause shall not fall short of the effect in dignity and grandeur. Short-sighted observers, reflecting on the merits of their chief, would be naturally disposed to wonder why the blessing of posterity was denied to him. The ways of Providence, however, may always be justified. In this case, Heaven had surely done enough in making him the *father of a nation*. Having bestowed so splendid a gift, it could not reasonably be censured for *withholding a son*.

The fears and discontents manifested by the army at the close of the war, are generally known. The *cause* of those discontents, and the motives of the leader are placed by Mr. M. in a *new* light. Not small would be the value of this performance, were it merely on account of this discovery. Thus he speaks:

"Connected by the endearing ties of soldierly brotherhood, these gallant sons of freedom anticipated with horror the moment when they might be called on to unsheathe their swords *against each other*; and pour, in impious libation, the purest of their blood upon the altars of civil war. Some of the more ardent spirits, smarting from the past, and *fearing for the future*, had formed a wish, that the army might be kept together, and (by its appearance) accelerate *the adoption of an efficient government*. The *sentiment was patriotic*—the plan of doubtful complexion—the success uncertain—but the prospect was fair if the *chief* could be engaged.

"*He knew their wrongs!* He knew their worth! He felt *their apprehensions!*—They had strong claims *upon him*, and those claims were strongly urged. Supreme power, with meretricious charms, courted his embrace; and was clothed, to seduce him, in the robes of justice. If, therefore, ambition had possessed a single corner of his heart, he might have deliberated. But he was ever *loyal*. He bid a last adieu to the companions of his glory, and laid all his laurels at the feet of his country!"

If these passages be classed with rhetoric rather than with history, their value will rather be enhanced than diminished. A sublime fancy delights in ennobling the origin of kings, and states, and *constitutions*, by tracing their existence to an earlier date, and an higher parentage. The prince of poets wrote for no other end than to illustrate the pedigree of Cæsar, and place farther back the origin of enmity between Carthage and Rome. It was, perhaps, with this laudable spirit, that the orator has assigned motives to the discontented officers, widely different from the mercenary and selfish ends, vulgarly imputed to them. Instead of retaining their arms in order to ensure the payment of their wages, they are, with great felicity, described as foreseeing all the evils and distractions of disunited government, and designing to procure a more compact and efficient confederacy.

It would not be proper to inquire how their continuing armed was to be made subservient to this end. Their motive was good, "their sentiment was patriotic;" but the non-concurrence of the leader totally defeated it.

After enlarging on the majesty of port, the self-command, and the unrivalled and unblemished excellence of Washington, the author proceeds to recapitulate his glorious deeds in war and peace. The sketch is rapid and succinct, and is endeavoured to be made more

vivid by tearseness of style, brilliant epithets, and glowing figures. The language indeed, in some cases, verges upon numbers. Slight variations would reduce it to verse, sometimes to the loose iambic of tragedy and ode, and sometimes to the looser *dactylic* of M'Pherson. The phrasealogy has a cast no less poetical.

In proof of the metrical as well as poetical structure of this performance, the following sentences are offered. To make the measures more conspicuous, we shall place some of them in blank verse, and lyric order.

"His ſpirit ſoared beyond ambition's reach,
He ſaw a crown (high) above all human grandeur,
He ſought, he gained, and wore that crown.

The quick bolts fly, wing'd with death,
And pierce his garments;
But, obedient to the Sovereign will,
They dare not ſhed his blood.

He accompanies, to weſtern wilds,
Braddock! who, bred in camps
Of European war, deſpiſed the ſavage;
But ſoon entrapped in the cloſe ambuſh,
Military ſkill becomes of no avail. The leaders,
Selected by unerring aim, firſt fall.
The troops lie thick in ſlaughtered heaps, &c.

And ſun-ſhine friends,
Turning their halcyon beaks to fairer ſkies,
Sought ſhelter from the ſtorm.

In vain the raging Delaware,
Vexed with the wintry blaſt, forbids their march!
In vain he rolls along his rocky bed,
A *frozen torrent*, whoſe ponderous maſs
Threatens to ſweep the ſoldier from his uncertain footſtep,
And bear him down the flood.
In vain the beating ſnow
Adds to the dangerous ford a darkening horror! &c.

Already from his brazen throat
The cannon gives loud ſummons to the field.
From this *black* night of *gloomy* apprehenſion
Broke forth the ſun of golden, glorious hope!—
And ſee! freſh in renewed vigour,
He decks his hoary head with nodding plumes
Of war, and mounts the barbed ſteed
With countenance erect and firm,
His eagle-eye meaſures the lengthen'd file," &c.

They are nice partitions that divide rhetoric from poetry. In these quotations, the bounds seem to be overstepped, and perhaps the reader will regret that the whole had not been thrown into Miltonic, or Pindaric measures; we shall be happy to see this accomplished by some skilful hand. These pages are full of the "*membra disjecta*" and "*miracula speciosa*" of the poet, and it were pity that they should not be collected into luminous order, and modeled into musical proportions. From a tribute of mere eloquence, it might thus be changed into homage of poetry, and might convince the sceptical world, that, as America produces heroes that engross all possible virtue and all conceivable wisdom, she likewise nourishes poets that possess all the treasures of the muse.

## Art. X.

*A* Funeral Oration, *in honour of the memory of* George Washington, *late General of the Armies of the United States. Prepared and delivered at the request of Congress, at the German Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, on Thursday the 26th of December. By Major-General* Henry Lee, *one of the Representatives from the State of Virginia.* 8vo. *pp.* 16. *Brooklyn.* Kirk. 1800.

THE fire that pervades this composition is, by no means, of so sparkling a kind as that by

which the former is animated and brightened. There is nothing which, in any degree, rises above the humility of prose. If there be no strains of uncommon eloquence, there is, at least, no tincture of affectation, no painful efforts to attain sublimity and grandeur. There is none of that glittering imagery and elaborate conciseness which prove the writer to be more engaged in displaying and contemplating his own perfections than those of the deceased. There is earnestness, if not pathos; and, if he depicts in exaggerated colours the national grief, he is led into this error, less by the precepts of a fulsome and phantastic rhetoric, than by the mournful suggestions of his own mind.

In pourtraying the characters of men, it is difficult to avoid an enumeration of their actions. This speech, accordingly, details the chief events of the life of Washington, from the defeat of Braddock to the acceptance of his last military commission. The rectitude of his motives, and the wisdom of his conduct on each occasion, are fervently applauded. Indiscriminate praise is seldom just, and seldom acceptable to an upright mind; but, in truth, it would require a very dispassionate scrutiny to discover the defects of Washington: these defects are obscured and concealed by the lustre of his virtues, and to bestow pains in detecting or unfolding them, would argue, at any time, an envious and malignant temper, but would be particularly unsuitable to the occasion on which this eulogy was pronounced.

The mode in which the conduct of the deceased is described by the orator, will appear from the following specimen, in relation to the late Indian war, and the proclamation of neutrality.

"War, long menaced by the Indian tribes, now broke out: and the terrible conflict deluging Europe with blood, began to shed its baneful influences over our happy land. To the first, outstretching his invincible arm, under the orders of the gallant Wayne, the American Eagle soared triumphant through distant forests. Peace followed victory, and the melioration of the condition of the enemy followed peace. Godlike virtue, which uplifts even the subdued savage!

"To the second he opposed himself. New and delicate was the conjuncture, and great was the stake. Soon did his penetrating mind discern and seize the only course, continuing to us all the blessings enjoyed. He issued his proclamation of neutrality. This index to him whose subsequent conduct was sanctioned by the approbation of both houses of Congress, and by the approving voice of the people.

"To this sublime policy he inviolably adhered, unmoved by foreign intrusion, unshaken by domestic turbulence.

'Justum et tenacem propositi virum
'Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
'Non vultus instantis tyranni
'Mente quatit solida.'

"Maintaining his pacific system at the expense of no duty, America, faithful to herself, and unstained in her honour, continued to enjoy the delights of peace, while afflicted Europe mourns in every quarter under the accumulated miseries of an unexampled war; miseries in which our happy country must have shared, had not our pre-eminent Washington been as firm in council as he was brave in the field.

"Pursuing steadfastly his course, he held safe the public happiness, preventing foreign war, and quelling internal disorder, till the revolving period of a third election approached, when he executed his interrupted but inextinguishable desire of returning to the humble walks of private life."

There are few readers who will

be offended at the strain of this oration. It contains little that is new to ordinary inquirers. Such combinations and allusions only as are suggested to most minds while contemplating the character of the illustrious chief, and such as ordinary education would supply, are to be found in it. He carries us not beyond the beaten track of panegyric, objects receive from his pencil no new colouring. He tells us what most would tell us from the same stage. He clothes, in their customary dress, our own habitual ideas. His Washington is ours, gifted as a military leader, with every military virtue, and as a civil magistrate, all-wise. If, therefore, he fail to delight or instruct us by the novelty of his images, and the profoundness of his views, or the charms of his style, he will not, at least, offend us. We go away satisfied from his recital, and regret, not that so few encomiasts rise above, but that so many fall below the mediocrity which he has displayed.

## Art. XI.

*An* Oration *on the apparent and the real political situation of the United States; pronounced before the Connecticut Society of Cincinnati, assembled at New-Haven for the celebration of American Independence, July* 4, 1799. *By* Zechariah Lewis, *a tutor of Yale College.* 8*vo. pp.* 27. *New-Haven.* Green *and* Son. 1799.

For several years past the orators on the anniversary of American independence have been freed from the tramels which formerly beset them, in undertaking their holy-day task. The awful convulsions of Europe, and the conflicts of party animosity in our own country, have furnished ample substitutes for the old and thread-bare topics of British oppression, the value of independence, the blessings of civil liberty, and the rising glory of our new world. Of this opportunity to depart from the beaten path, Mr. L. has availed himself. Instead of dwelling on themes formerly considered appropriate to the occasion, he prefers the more popular subjects of domestic broils, the French revolution, and the horrors produced by political licentiousness and false philosophy, in every country in which French power and principles have gained the ascendancy.

The title of this oration sufficiently indicates the outline of its contents. "The apparent situation of our country," Mr. L. believes to be rather more favourable than it was a short time since. He thinks there is an increasing union of sentiment among our citizens; that new approbation and support have been given to the administration of our government; that wise and spirited measures of national defence have been adopted; that the intrigues and deceitful arts of France are becoming better understood and more generally acknowledged; and that some individual States, lately warm and violent in the opposition, are apparently growing more friendly to the measures of the general government.

But these favourable appearances, Mr. L. apprehends, will prove fallacious and imaginary. He thinks that, however flattering the *apparent* situation of our country may be, its *real* situation is still imminently critical and dangerous. This danger arises, in his estimation, from foreign attachments and foreign influence; from the introduction and spread of demoralizing principles; from the prejudices and passions of many of our own citizens; from the opposition of open and professed enemies of our government; and from the

blind zeal of men who are sincere friends of their country, but who disapprove of the measures adopted for its security. Mr. L. then concludes by taking up and examining some of the prejudices and false opinions into which many of the latter class have fallen; and delivering a solemn exhortation to guard against the evils which he has pointed out.

We do not discover much originality of thought or expression in this oration. Mr. L. delivers common and popular sentiments, in a common and popular dress. His style is simple, manly, and perspicuous; and, if he should be thought sometimes to dispense his censure and his praise in terms rather too decided and imposing for a youthful orator, it will be at the same time recollected, that a display of ardent and benevolent zeal for human happiness is, at all times, a pleasing and promising character of juvenile compositions.

## Art. XII.

*A* Prayer *and* Sermon, *delivered at Charlestown, Dec.* 31, 1799, *on the death of* George Washington, *late President, and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, &c. with an additional sketch of his life. By* Jedediah Morse, *D. D. Pastor of the Church in Charlestown. To which is prefixed, an account of the proceedings of the town on the melancholy occasion; written by* Josiah Bartlett, *Esq.* 8vo. *pp.* 82. *Charlestown.* Etheridge. 1800.

THE death of General Washington has produced sensations in the public mind, and called forth expressions of sorrow for his loss, and of respect to his memory, which are, probably, without a parallel in the history of man. Over his tomb the spell of party is dissolved; the conflicts of opposing politicians are suspended, and the American people, with one heart, and with all the ardour of filial affection and gratitude, crowd around, to do honour to his ashes. Seldom have those who contend that Republics *can* be grateful, been furnished with a more remarkable instance in support of their opinion than the manner in which the citizens of the United States have treated the memory of their political father.

Of the numberless discourses, orations, eulogies, poems, &c. which have been laid before the public on this occasion, we shall be able to notice only a small portion. From those which come to our knowledge we shall endeavour to make such a selection as will gratify and amuse our readers.

The pamphlet before us exhibits a full view of the "proceedings of the town of Charlestown, in respectful testimony of the distinguished talents, and pre-eminent virtues of the late George Washington." The first article in the collection is an historical account of these "proceedings," drawn up by Mr. Bartlett. In this we notice nothing very remarkable. Mr. B. has presented a plain narrative, without that pomp and extravagance of diction which have been too often adopted on similar occasions. The use which he makes of one word, however, is rather new to us. He informs us that, at a meeting of the Selectmen, &c. committees were *raised* for this and the other purpose. We have no recollection of any authority for such a use of the word *raise*. Unless we exceedingly mistake, this mode of expression will not find support either in custom or propriety.

Next follow the prayer and sermon by Dr. Morse. We know not

how the advocates for extemporary prayer will relish the avowed pre-composition, and publication of an address to the throne of grace. Still less can we decide how that part of the prayer which is addressed to the departed spirit of General Washington, will impress the mind of the serious and attentive reader; for we can absolutely view in no other light the following sentences, introduced in the midst of very pertinent and judicious petitions to the Deity.—"Oh, our Father, our Father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. Our chiefest of earthly friends; Columbia's greatest earthly defence! we mourn that we are to see thy face no more!" Had this apostrophe burst from the lips, amidst the unguarded fervors of extemporaneous discourse, it might have passed without remark; but considering it as introduced into a devotional exercise, previously and deliberately composed, we doubt whether it will stand the test of rigid theological criticism.

We proceed to the sermon. This is founded on Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5, 7, 8. *So Moses the servant of the Lord died. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the children of Israel wept for Moses, in the plains of Moab, thirty days.* From this text Dr. M. undertakes to delineate the character, and to give a detail of the principal atchievements of Moses, as a military leader and legislator. Having done this, he draws a comparison between the talents, virtues, and deeds of the illustrious Chief of the Hebrews, and those of the great American hero. Some practical reflections and inferences succeed, and close the discourse. We think Dr. M. has pressed the comparison between the two distinguished men, who form the principal objects of his attention, quite as far as propriety would permit. Many of the points of coincidence, which he notices, however, are remarkable, and are judiciously selected and stated. The style is plain and unaffected; and the discourse, on the whole, will be read with pleasure; and will not, it is presumed, in the estimation of any reader, diminish the well known portion of literary fame which its author has, for some time, enjoyed.

To the sermon is annexed a farther "Biographical sketch of General Washington." The substance of this "sketch" was given to the public some time since, in Dr. M.'s *American Geography*. He here presents it in a revised and enlarged form. The citizens of America, and indeed of the civilized world, will, no doubt, look forward with high expectation to the appearance of that larger account of this wonderful man, to which Dr. M. refers, as probably preparing by another hand. In the mean time, we think he has judged rightly in supposing that this brief "sketch" would be an acceptable present to his countrymen. Every fact which respects Washington will be sought after with avidity, and contemplated with pleasure.

This pamphlet is closed by a small body of notes, given by way of appendix, and designed more fully to illustrate some parts of the sermon, and subsequent "sketch." These notes, though chiefly relating to facts familiarly known, are yet all appropriate, and abundantly worthy of the place which they occupy, if we except the first, which presents us with an intercepted letter, written in the year 1753, by Mons. La Roche, to Mons. Le Maine, a French officer, containing a particular account of the designs and plans of the French for subjugating the British colonies at that period. We were, at first, utterly at a loss to account for the insertion of this long letter, which takes up nearly half the appendix, and in which we

found no allusion to the character or actions of Washington. A reference to the passage which the letter is designed to illustrate, afforded no means of removing our doubts. But upon recollecting how deeply Dr. M. has lately embarked in the business of detecting conspiracies, publishing intercepted dispatches, and exposing French villainy, we concluded, at length, that he was unwilling to let an opportunity escape of adding another exertion to the very zealous and laudable services which he has already, in this way, rendered his countrymen.

## Art. XIII.

*A* Sermon, *on the Duty of Civil Obedience, as required in Scripture. Delivered in Christ's Church, and St. Peter's, April 25th,* 1799, *being a day of General Humiliation, appointed by the President of the United States. By* William White, *D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.* 8*vo. pp.* 26. *Philadelphia.* Ormrod. 1799.

THIS Sermon, we are informed by the Right Rev. Author, has been delivered, in substance, and a great part of it in the very words in which it now appears, at three different and distant periods of his life. Having made some small addition to it, appropriate to the occasion on which it was last delivered, he was requested to print it by many whom he esteems. He acceded to this proposal with great reluctance; but his reluctance, he adds, was lessened by the consideration that he was delivering to the press, a standard of what are and have been his sentiments on a subject on which he has sometimes, from a sense of duty, addressed his hearers.

The sentiments inculcated in this discourse are the following: that the old doctrine of "the indefeasible right of princes to the obedience of their subjects," is false and unfavourable to civil happiness; that the doctrine which has been sometimes believed, that we are bound to submit to the civil authority, in whatever hands it may be lodged, to whatever extremes it may be abused, and whatever laws it may contradict, is a still more extravagant and untenable error; that we are directed in scripture to render obedience to the civil magistrate, in general, without any nice discussions concerning the origin, the extent, or the discontinuance of his power. Still, however, that this injunction of holy writ is, by no means, to be construed as if the duty of obedience had no limitation or exceptions; that where power is wantonly abused, or prostrates the constitution and the laws, it may be resisted; but that revelation does not expressly recognize any case in which such resistance would be lawful, nor prescribe the points at which it should begin or end; and, finally, that although civil magistrates are by no means above law, yet all opposition to the just and lawful exercise of the authority vested in them, is highly criminal.

The bishop delivers his sentiments with that modest, unaffected dignity which becomes a gentleman and a minister of the gospel. Toward the conclusion of the discourse, he speaks with pointed disapprobation and severity of some instances of opposition to regular government which have taken place in this country, and in Europe; but it is the severity of meekness and moderation. Harsh censures, and inquisitorial fury against those who differ from him in opinion, are carefully avoided.

The style of this sermon has con-

siderable faults. It is remarkably deficient in precision and perspicuity; the meaning is not only often obscured, but sometimes placed nearly out of sight, amidst a cloud of words. We frequently regretted, in the course of the perusal, that sentiments so worthy of being understood and remembered, should be exhibited in a dress so ill adapted to the perceptions and memories of ordinary readers.

## Art. XIV.

*An* Address *to the Citizens of New-York, who assembled in the Brick Presbyterian Church, to celebrate the twenty-third Anniversary of American Independence. By* Samuel L. Mitchill. 8*vo. pp.* 27. *New-York.* 1800. George F. Hopkins.

On perusing this Address, we could not forbear to remark a strain of sentiment very different from that of other performances, on the like occasion, which have come before us. The subject is the same, but the topics of argument and illustration, as well as the manner in which they are treated, are greatly dissimilar. Dr. M. tells his hearers that he came not to deliver the language of flattery and declamation, to "tickle their ears" or to amuse their fancy with the flowers of rhetoric. His purpose is to talk with plainness and candour about independence, and the nature and characteristics of a republican government. He does not, therefore, seek to gain their favour by flattering their prejudices, or to awaken their feelings by depicting the splendid attributes of national sovereignty.

He wishes them to take a sober and dispassionate survey of the nature and importance of that political independence which they have acquired; and while he points out the true foundation of human happiness to be in that social state which results from the wants and weaknesses of our nature, and that rational dependence on a free government, and submission to its laws, the choice and will of a free people, he seeks to draw their attention from the delusions of speculative philosophers, who dwell on the visions of a future reign of virtue and justice, innocence and peace, to those real and unavoidable evils which grow out of the nature and constitution of man, and which it is the end of *practical* wisdom, while it strives to ameliorate our constitution, to teach us to endure with enlightened patience and good temper.

Having thus endeavoured to moderate the passions, to rectify the errors of mistaken self-love, to subdue the pretensions of false pride, and dissipate the illusions of national vanity, Dr. M. proceeds to remark on the republican form of our government, and to designate some of the *peculiar* traits of the republican characteristic; and where the folly and evil of our opinions and conduct are manifest, to suggest a suitable remedy.

The first characteristic of republicans noticed by Dr. M. is *proneness to pride.* This naturally arises from the enjoyment of liberty, and the exercise of the rights of sovereignty. Its excess should be counteracted "by inculcating habits of moderation and respect to others, in the education of youth."

The next trait is a fondness for *perversion* and *misrepresentation.* A love of satire and invective, a disposition to falsehood and scandal, which seeks indulgence in the destruction of public and private characters, is very apt to grow out of unbounded liberty of speech and of the press. "This propensity should be opposed, by training up young

persons to the practice of candour and honesty, to the utter rejection of cunning and duplicity."

Another propensity of the republican, is to engage "in the strife of parties." The disappointed, the envious, and the querulous, will always be prompted to complain of the conduct of those who are in office. In the contentions for places of honour and profit, there will be much injustice, rancour and bitterness in the opposing parties, who are actuated less by any regard for what is morally and politically good, than by a restless desire to obtain the possession and exercise of power themselves. For this great and inherent vice of republics, Dr. M. despairs of finding an adequate remedy.

Republicans delight also "to meddle in the affairs of others." This restless, busy, inquisitive, and officious disposition, is forcibly exemplified in the character of the people of Athens, as delincated by Demosthenes and St. Paul. Modern republics are not destitute of it. The conduct of the French affords a remarkable instance. Even America has manifested some slight symptoms of such a propensity.—How to make republicans stay at home and mind their own business, is a political problem which Dr. M. thinks is yet to be solved.

Lastly, republics are remarkable for *ingratitude* to those who devote their lives and fortunes to their service. This has been urged against them from the days of SOCRATES and ARISTIDES to our own times.

This view of his subject is thus concluded by Dr. M.

"It appears, then, that, besides the above mentioned *dependence* upon *your neighbours*, the physical *constitution of nature*, and *your God*, that you depend further for your enjoyment and security upon the state governments under which you respectively live, and the *government paramount of the nation*, extending its influence over and beyond them all. And your independence of Great-Britain is qualified by a dependence upon this double object of your allegiance. Under these several provisos, or with these modifications and restrictions, is imparted to the American people whatever of Independence they possess: and, in all conscience, this is *enough*, if it could be preserved from further limitation and curtailing.

"If that Independence should ever fail, which God of his infinite grace and mercy avert! the failure will arise from *their own misconduct*. And there appear but *two* sources whence such an evil may be dreaded; these are the *inordinate appetite for wealth*, and what naturally flows from it, *the gradual incroachments on the rights of persons*."

The dangers to our natural Independence, he supposes to exist in the growing passion for riches, expensive living, and an almost exclusive love of trade and commerce; and "from gradual incroachments on the rights of persons." Against the debasing consequences of a boundless love of gain, he warns his countrymen by the examples of Tyre, the United Netherlands, and Venice.

"Of the violation of the rights of persons" Dr. M. thus speaks:

"The ancient doctrine of common law was, that the person of the subject should be considered sacred, except on the commission of crimes. And, in no instance before the granting of Magna Charta, was the arresting of the person permitted for non-performance of a civil contract. Such is the venerable law of the land; and that great bulwark of our liberties declares, among other things, that no freeman shall be *imprisoned* but by the law of the land. Yet, notwithstanding the practice of the English

nation for ages, and the declaration of the Magna Charta to the contrary, Parliaments, yielding to the prevailing mercantile notions, agreed that the taking of the goods or other property of a debtor, was not a full satisfaction to the creditor; and after a variety of expedients, the voice of a commercial nation grew too strong and loud to be resisted, that the creditor might *arrest the person of the man* who owed him money, and *deprive him of his liberty*, until he gave securities for answering, or for liquidating the demand. Thus was the *freedom of the subject* considered of less importance than a small sum of money, and a regard to the *rights of kings* preferred to the solemn and inviolable reverence *formerly* shewn to the *rights of persons*. From England, whose statute laws were once the laws of *this land*, the Americans borrowed the practice of depriving a fellow creature of his freedom for failing to discharge a civil obligation, even when not charged with any design to deceive. And although the stable doctrine of the common law leans as strongly against the practice here as in England, still *our* legislatures have as little hesitation as *their* parliaments, to innovate upon the ancient practice by statute, and to consider it lawful, that a freeman, a citizen of a free and republican government, one of the sovereign people, might be deprived of his franchise, obstructed in the exercise of his civil and social duties, and reduced to a state of imprisonment, which is a species of slavery; and *all this* without the commission of any crime or suspicion of having disturbed the peace of society, because, having been indebted to his neighbour in a sum of money, he had not been punctual in the payment of it! The manly and independent spirit of our Saxon ancestors would never have endured this! They loved money less, and liberty more, than their descendants.

"If the citizens of free governments treat their fellow citizens in the manner just described, there can be no wonder that they should reduce to their entire subjection the persons and wills of others, when they conveniently could. The ancient republicans were remarkable for the number of slaves they kept, and many of the citizens no less remarkable for the severity and cruelty with which they treated them. Even the moderate and benevolent Cicero, who has written so many fine things concerning the rights, duties, and privileges of man, composed these very pieces amidst a household of slaves: and, after his example, we need not be surprised to find so many sturdy republicans, and fierce supporters of liberty and equality, thinking themselves perfectly justifiable in subjecting the natives of Africa and their descendants, to uncontrouled dominion, and in buying and selling them like the beasts of the field. They who are apprehensive of overgrown and wide-spreading tyranny in governments, would act consistently if they would extirpate the roots and scyons of it which sprout up in their own families. It would better become the dignity of a free and enlightened people, to act otherwise than is frequently done among us, towards imprisoned debtors and other slaves."

Much as these incroachments on rights of persons are to be deplored, it requires great foresight and wisdom to restrain, or prevent them. That the call for the exertion of this wisdom, is urgent and loud, no man who feels the spirit of justice and benevolence can doubt. It is with pleasure too, that he will remark an increasing attention in the legislators of our country to find such remedies for these evils, as may conduce to the equal preserva-

tion of the just claims of all. That these remedies may multiply and be successful, is most devoutly to be wished.

This Address abounds with a large portion of good sense, just discrimination, and sound remark; delivered in a style plain, forcible, and perspicuous.

ART. XV.

*An* ORATION *on the death of* General WASHINGTON, *pronounced before the Citizens of Albany, on Thursday, January* 9, 1800. *By* William P. Beers, *Esq. pp.* 17. 4*to. Albany.* C. R. & G. Webster.

PERFORMANCES like the present, which are of a temporary and fugitive nature, are not always expected to be elaborately wrought, or exquisitely finished. Indeed, on the present occasion, there is danger, lest the imagination of the orator, so powerfully impressed with the magnitude and grandeur of his subject, should lead him astray from the path of a just and manly eloquence. Too many of those who have attempted to eulogize the father of our country, have indulged an undisciplined and lawless fancy, which has produced nothing but extravagant bombast, outrageous metaphor, and splendid conceit. Pleased with the creations or distortions of their own imaginations, they have wholly lost sight of the noble simplicity, and true dignity of that great man whom they wish to honour and immortalize by their matchless strains. His productions would have furnished them with models of a pure and correct style, replete with the lessons of wisdom and truth, the result of a keen penetration and just discrimination, long exercised on the characters and conduct of men.

Why should ancient and modern history be ransacked for parallels of heroes, warriors, or statesmen, in which scarce a general resemblance can be traced? The state of society and manners, and peculiar circumstances of time and place, must modify the characters of men. Every man is different from every other man. This difference is greater in proportion to the extent of their genius and talents. This remark is more particularly applicable to General Washington than almost any other person of equal fame, in the annals of history. Perhaps no one can be found whose character a biographer or eulogist would find equally difficult to depict in just and true colours. Thousands may be selected as possessed of more genius, learning, or science, as more highly endowed with those splendid qualities which strike and dazzle the eye of the beholder. But in the great, solid, and lasting virtues which constitue the genuine worth of man, as an active and social being, as a citizen of a free state, as the guardian, defender, or ruler of his country, and which are the growth of true wisdom, few, if any, can be found his equal. But we must remember that it is not for us to usurp the office of the orator or poet, and that it is an easier task to detect the errors of others, than to escape censure ourselves; to point out the manner of performance, than to succeed in the execution.

In this oration, Mr. B. takes a very rapid and brief view of the conduct and character of General Washington, and of some of the events which distinguished his long and illustrious life. The full-drawn and finished portrait which should reflect the very body and image of the great original, he leaves to the pencil of the historian. He justly conceived that it is only from the study of the actions of the man, that a true estimate can be formed

of his worth, or an accurate delineation of his virtues be made. He therefore contents himself with the unaffected and artless expression of his own grief and the public sorrow, and with a faint outline of the character of him whose death is so loudly lamented, and whom his country will never cease to love, to venerate, and to regret.

The following sketch discovers a sound and discriminating mind, and will serve as a specimen of the present performance:

"Citizens! it was not the military chief, the champion of his country's battles, who was summoned to this high station. It was the citizen, the sage, who, by long converse with nature and with man, by long habits of observation and research, and by long practice in command, was happily calculated "to rule the wilderness of free-born minds," to temper the raging passions, and to hold in equipoise the nice balance of public and party interests. With what purity, with what fidelity and ability, he discharged the duties of his high office, the whole tenor of his administration testifies. You all feel and know that your welfare, dignity, and peace, were incessantly the objects of his paternal care. You all can witness, that, at a period the most critical, and in a state of things the most hazardous and perplexing, he succeeded, with admirable dexterity and address, to parry the assault, and defeat the machination of foreign hostility, to stifle the voice of insurrection, to hush the cry of clamour, and to refute and put down the pretensions of illegitimate ambition. Though pliant as the osier to the impressions of justice and true policy, and accessible as humility herself to the approaches of virtuous influence, you well remember, with what dignity he even reproved the errors of the people; with what firmness, on a late and great occasion, he withstood the claims of a popular branch of the government, and asserted, not for himself, but for his country, the constitutional rights of his department.

"If any thing now remains, among the great and leading virtues of this exalted man, which I have failed to notice, I would attempt it here. The most just and satisfactory view of his great mind, is gained, by considering the composition and contexture, rather than the single aspect of his qualities: and by regarding the whole in relation to the public interests and the affairs of his country. In him, qualities of a different class were most happily combined. In him, moderation was always supported by firmness, and a natural ardency of mind forever chastised by discretion. Quick to discern, and yet patient to hear; forming his best judgments from his own views, and yet, ever inviting the opinions of others, and courting contributions of knowledge from all around him, he neglected no internal or foreign resource to perfect his plans. In this fine and noble compound, his virtues, well assorted and well adjusted, derived their highest lustre from mutual reflection. But if in the whole composition of his character, any feature stands eminently distinguished, it is that consummate *prudence*, the essence and result of other virtues, which entered into all his measures and guarded their execution: It is that matchless *dignity of mind*, which never forsook him, in public or private life, in all affairs, momentous or familiar."

This oration will not suffer by a comparison with any of the publications which the same occasion has called forth. Its characteristics are ease, simplicity, and correctness. We do not remark any effort to reach a new and lofty strain of

oratory. Mr. B. speaks like one possessed of sensibility and taste, and who wished to sympathise in the real grief of his hearers, rather than to attempt to awaken sensations unfelt before. "Some men," says Ganganelli, "put themselves into an *alembic* to be eloquent, when, if they would give themselves up to the energy of their own hearts, they would have golden tongues."

## Art. XVI.

*The* Count *of* Burgundy: *A Comedy of* Kotzebue. *In four Acts. Translated by* Charles Smith. *New-York. Printed for* C. Smith *and* S. Stephens, *by* M. M'Farlane. 8*vo. pp.* 69. 1800.

*The* Count *of* Burgundy: *A Play in four Acts, by* Augustus von Kotzebue, *translated by* Ann Plumptre. *New-York. Printed by* T. *and* J. Swords, *for* P. A. Mesier. 12*mo. pp.* 84. 1800.

WE have placed these two articles together, that our readers may be induced to compare the *American* and *English* translations; but our remarks will be almost wholly confined to the former.

Among the various characteristics of the present literary age, may be noted the rage for translation.—We are not only threatened with an inundation of books in our own language, but are in danger of being overwhelmed with a flood of foreign productions. Scholars ransack libraries, and drag to light, from the dust and obscurity of ages, works which have been deservedly neglected for similar productions of a more modern date, and superior merit. And, according to the different promptings of vanity or avarice, are the various literary products of Europe transplanted from one region to another.

This rapid transmission and diffusion of books, for which we are, in some degree, indebted to the commercial spirit of the age, is undoubtedly favourable to literature and science: but, like every other good, it has its attendant evil, which will, probably, be neither checked nor diminished by our censures or complaints. There is one point, however, for which we may be allowed to express some concern. The purity of our language has certainly been impaired by the numerous translations which have appeared in it during the last fifty years; but the progress of this corruption has been more visible and alarming since the commencement of the French revolution than at any former period. If Dr. Johnson, twenty years ago, had serious apprehensions lest Englishmen should babble a dialect of France, he would, at this time, have had greater reason to dread such an event. The views of translators and book-makers are now directed to Germany, where the literary manufacture and trade is carried to a surprising extent. Of the writers of that country, none seems to have engaged more the attention of Englishmen than Kotzebue. His popularity has increased with wonderful rapidity, if we may judge from the number of rival translations which contend for the public favour. Among the different translators, Miss Plumptre has not been the least successful. Her versions, tho' unequal, and bearing marks of carelessness and haste, are, in general, entitled to considerable praise. Mr. Neuman and Mr. Render have also gained equal, if not superior fame, in the same path.

If the merit of Kotzebue, as a dramatic writer, were to be estimated by his "*Count of Burgundy*," he would not rank high in the stale; and if his fame rested on no other basis, we should pronounce the fabric perishable and fleeting.

The scene is laid in the early part of the fifteenth century. Albert, Count of Burgundy, with many of his family, was murdered by his brother Ulric, who usurped the government. Henry, the infant son of Albert, is saved from death by *brother Peter*, alias John von Bonstetten, who escapes with him into Swisserland, and lives with his wife, and the young Henry, in a hermit's hut, at the foot of the mountains; while Matilda, the Countess Dowager, escapes to a convent. During near twenty years that Peter remains in this retreat, Henry grows up to manhood, and under the belief that he is the son of his protector. At this period the play begins. Henry, weary of rustic employments, ardently longs to signalize himself by feats of war worthy a Swiss. He becomes enamoured of Elizabeth, the only daughter of Cuno von Hallwyl, an exiled noble, who resides in a castle in the neighbourhood. In proportion as their mutual passion is unfolded to each other, the ardour of the young Henry for warlike atchievements abates. At this time arrives Bruno, a faithful servant of Peter, by whom he is informed of the death of Ulric, the usurper, and they resolve instantly to return to *Arles* with Henry, and to restore him to the throne of his father. Peter, Bruno, and Henry, are discovered, on their way, by Martin, who, observing their armour, and a seal-ring and cup, engraven with the arms of Burgundy, concealed under a cloak, thinks he has discovered the assassins of the former Count. The honest *grazier* spreads the alarm, and Peter and Henry are dragged, by the populace, before the Governor, and accused as the murderers of Albert. The clamours of the people for revenge are at length appeased, and Peter makes himself known to the Governor, his former friend and companion, as John von Bonstetten. Henry is joyfully received as the heir of the Count of Burgundy, and proclaimed as such by the people. Matilda is brought from the convent, and her long-lost son is restored to her arms. Henry, in the midst of his prosperity, forgets not his loved Elizabeth, and resolves, in spite of the prejudices of birth and rank, to marry her; but, to try her fidelity, he determines to have her demanded of her father by the Count of Burgundy. A nobleman is dispatched on this embassy, in whose train the new Count of Burgundy conceals himself, in the disguise of a page, that he may, unknown, witness the effect of the proposed honour on his mistress. She, during his absence, had, by the urgent solicitations of her father, consented to espouse an old Chevalier, Walter von Blonay, but still retains an hopeless passion for Henry. She rejects the Count of Burgundy, and offers her hand to Walter, according to the promise extorted by her father. Henry speaks, is discovered, and the object of his affection is resigned to him by the gallant Chevalier.

In the contrivance of this plot there is not much art or ingenuity to admire. It is romantic, though, when we consider the *time*, not improbable.

In the *first* and *second* acts, the reader is sometimes amused, but not interested; often pleased, but oftener wearied. The dialogue, in many parts, is lively, descriptive and characteristic: in others, it is flat, insipid and tedious. We meet with one or two of those delicate touches of nature for which this author is distinguished.

The third act far surpasses the rest, and, alone, will save the piece from condemnation. It cannot be read without lively interest and approbation. When exhibited on the stage, its effect must be far

more powerful than in the closet: for the reader's imagination does not always, like that of the author, present a theatrical representation. Much depends upon the action; and the writer is minute in his directions to that purpose. Several of the scenes are excellent, and equal to any that can be found in the best of his productions. Had the piece terminated with the third act, the impression would have been strong in favour of the whole play. But, by the addition of a *fourth* act, the feelings excited in the third are dissipated, and the conclusion becomes comparatively feeble. Curiosity would naturally impel us to wish to be informed of the issue of the loves of Elizabeth and Henry; but the manner in which it has been gratified is not judicious or skilful. The *second* transformation of Henry is puerile and unimpressive. The old Chevalier Walter, however, is introduced to our acquaintance, and we are not displeased with his character.

This author often attempts to produce an effect by little things, and trifling incidents, but is not always successful. An instance may be found in the last scene of the third act. Notwithstanding what he has said in his preface, we must confess our surprise to observe so much dignity, and propriety of behaviour, in the young rustic Henry; and to hear sentiments so appropriate and generous fall from his lips.

We wondered that the love-sick boy, whom, a few days before, we saw cutting wood, or throwing apples at his mistress, should so easily and suddenly assume the air, and the just and pointed language of a wise and considerate prince.

The moral of this drama, though not of that elevated and striking kind which makes a deep and lasting impression on the heart and understanding, is pleasing, and unexceptionable.

Having given an account of the play itself, we shall proceed to notice Mr. Smith's translation.—This being the first American translation from the works of this dramatist, that has been published, we shall bestow on it a more particular attention.* To tranfuse the ideas of a writer from his own into a foreign language, so as to preserve his spirit and style, and, at the same time, to maintain the characteristic ease and dress of an original performance, is no mean or trivial task; and, in the execution of which more information and talents are necessary, than are often thought requisite by those who assume the office of translators.

Too many of them imagine, that a knowledge of the language and meaning of a foreign writer is sufficient to enable them to convey that meaning to a mere English reader, who is wholly ignorant of the original: but the abortive labours of such *doers* into English prove the fallacy of this opinion, and the necessity of higher qualifications. An accurate and critical knowledge of the language of the writer, a competent information concerning the subject matter of his performance, and a perfect and familiar acquaintance with his native tongue, appear indispensible requisites in a translator. He should not only possess a good style, and be able to write with correctness, precision and elegance, but should be master of all those terms, words, phrases, or peculiar turns of expression which belong to the subject of which his author treats, otherwise his version must be awkward, unmeaning, and spiritless. He should exhibit his author in the dress, and teach him to speak the language, of

* Mr. DUNLAP, the manager of the New-York Theatre, has tranflated feveral of Kotzebue's plays, which have been performed with very great fuccefs.

an Englishman, and not with the garb, idiom, and accent of a foreigner; lest he expose him to the ridicule of the vulgar, and the contempt of the learned. Many figures, images, and idiomatic expressions which are common in other languages, cannot be introduced into our own, without doing violence to its genius and temper. The skill and talents of the translator will be exerted in finding correspondent images and phrases, suitable to the peculiar character of his own language. It too often happens, however, that translators are better acquainted with the original than their own tongue; and to this defect are we indebted for the numerous bad and disgusting versions which pass under the name of literal and faithful translations, but in which the luckless author is made to speak a jargon which belongs not to the people of either country.

A lawyer who is familiarized with the writings of Roman jurists, may be able to translate the institutes of Justinian, but the *naturalist* alone can do justice to the works of Pliny, or the *physician* to those of Hippocrates or Galen. This remark is less applicable to a translator of a history, a poem, or play, which are equally intelligible to persons of all professions; still he should be familiar with the language and rules of the English drama; and, if his performance be intended for a theatrical exhibition, with the peculiarities of the English stage. In short, a translator ought to possess some portion of the genius and talents of the author, to be animated with the same spirit, and to view objects in the same light, to be master of both languages, and of their respective peculiarities, delicacies, and beauties of expression, else his copy will never present the image of the original.

Mr. Smith, in his preface, after admitting the difficulty of translating from so copious a language as the German, and the necessity of being well acquainted with its genius and spirit, states his chief design to be, "to represent the meaning of Kotzebue precisely as he intended it." This may be regarded either as a confident undertaking, grounded on a belief of his own ability to execute it, or as intending a mere *literal* translation. Of the extent of this ability the reader will be able to form some opinion from the following passages in the translation of the author's introduction.

"Some have objected to the Count of Burgundy, as appearing in the third act as *suddenly too accomplished.*" "If the young Count brings *it forth* as a declamation what he has to say to the people," &c. "If he raises his *sentiments into sentences by ostentation in his expression;* if he does not speak it carelessly, just *so as his feeling lays it upon his tongue,*" &c.

"*False Shame* is a subject which, I believe, has for the first time been brought on the stage; and this fault being the source of so many evils in this world, I hope to have acquired some merit, by *inspiring many a good heart with confidence to confidence.*"

"As to the *Wild Youth* [Der Wild Fang], it is but *a Christmas amusement, and it is not to represent any thing else.*"*

The *precise meaning* of these passages, we believe, must be nearly unintelligible to any English reader. So many errors, obscurities and inelegancies, in two pages of plain prose, did not serve to heighten our expectations of pleasure from the perusal of the play itself; yet, with hopes so diminished, we confess our disappointment, when, with that painful perseverance to which a

* "——IST BLOS EINE FASTNACHTS-POSSE, UND SOLL AUCH DURCHAUS WEITER NICHTS VORSTELLEN."

poor reviewer is sometimes condemned, we reached the termination of the fourth act, and gladly saw the curtain drop.

If the German dramatist were to be judged by Mr. Smith's version of the *Count of Burgundy*, he would sink into instant neglect and obscurity. There is scarce a page which does not abound with violations of grammar, vulgarities of expression, disgusting images, and unmeaning passages.

Whatever may be the propriety of certain phrases and allusions in the original, the *literal translation* cannot be tolerated in English. If a translator intends his performance should be read a second time, and maintain a lasting place among similar productions of his country, it must possess the qualities of English composition, and be read with pleasure as such.—That our censure may not be thought hasty or unjust, we shall select a single scene, which will enable the reader to decide for himself. Let us take the first which offers.

"SCENE—*A woody country at the foot of the Swiss mountains. In the back ground an Hermitage; opposite an open Chapel; between both, a garden fence. In the fore-ground a grass bench underneath an apple-tree.*

"SCENE I.—PETER *sitting upon the bench making a basket of willow branches.* HENRY *on the opposite side splits wood, singing,*

" *Behold in lofty air,*
The *waving* banners fly;
And *clashing steel* is heard,
And *trumpets rend the sky.**

" *Peter.* This song pleases you?

" *Henry.* Yes, father.

" *Peter.* You like it better than *the singing of the matins.*†

" *Henry.* Much better.

" *Peter. (smiling) And are not afraid of such a sin.*

" *Henry. Father? Can't be a sin. This song seems to be as pleasing to you as to me.*‡

" *Peter.* What do you mean *by this?*

" *Henry.* When you sing *Hora,*§ *you are cast down.* But when you sing the battle song of Murgarten, or the *victory song* of Sempach, then your cheeks glow, and your eyes burn *like the wax candle* before the holy virgin.

" *Peter.* Have you discovered that?

" *Henry.* Still more: *you have a song of the sword of justice, and the shield of faith;* you love to sing that best, because it speaks of swords and shields.

" *Peter. (smiling)* Boy?

" *Henry.* A sword is a *fine thing.* As to the shield, one may do without.

" *Peter.* Think you so, my brave boy?

" *Henry.* Had that valiant knight Erlach a shield, when he fought at Donnerbuhel? *(swinging the hatchet over his head)* ha! it is to me as if I heard the *trumpet's* sound.‖

" *Peter.* Who tells you that you are a Swiss?

" *Henry.* My heart—my *thirst for actions!*

" *Peter.* Have patience, my son! your hour will arrive.

* Und die Banner flattern
Hoch in der Luft!
Und die Schwerdter klirren
Wenn das hartshorn ruft.

† You sing it with more pleasure than your matins.

‡ No, father, I do not think it sinful.

§ An hourly exercise of devotion in convents.

‖ Here a *page and an half* of the original is omitted by the translator, in which Peter and Henry talk of the battles of the Swiss with enthusiasm, so that the question of Peter, " Who tells you that you are a Swiss?" has no connection with the preceding words; and the most spirited part of the scene is lost.

"*Henry.* A *creeping* hour, slow, like old mother *Gertraud.** I *long to meet it.*

"*Peter.* Behold the apples on the tree; are they ripe?

"*Henry. Not yet, but soon.*

"*Peter.* Sweet fruits, for those *who can wait.*

"*Henry.* Why have you kindled within me a flame that finds no nourishment in these forests, and consumes me? Why *telling* me so much of battles and *fights*,† that *man* and *horse* day and night *parade* before my eyes? As *often as our old stallion* neighs in the stable, I look for a lance and *touch a rosary.* As often as the guard on the castle's *steeple* sounds the horn, I run for a sword and *lay hold of an axe.* Each great action makes the blood flow to my heart, and brings water in my eyes. Every valiant knight I would press to my heart, and split the head of every scoundrel with the battle-axe.

"*Peter. Such I wanted you to be.*

"*Henry.* For what? for whom? Have you taught me so many *sciences*‡ *to sing them* before our shepherds at their festivals? Whoever *brings up* a falcon for the chase, must not confine him in a cage.

"*Peter.* As long as *he wears a cap* he is too young.

"*Henry. Let us hear*, how old?

"*Peter.* Eighteen years and upwards.

"*Henry.* See here, father! *(he* splits a log *with one stroke)* how old was the boy who made this stroke? do you think that an enemy's head is harder than this trunk?

"*Peter.* Strength belongs to youth. Even in this willow branch is *juice* and *strength, but* it is pliable. *Obedience ornaments* the boy.

"*Henry.* Is *the bow to become slack, wet it;* give me herbs to cool my blood.

"*Peter.* Go, try your courage with bears and wolves.

"*Henry.* They are but trifling robbers as long as men exist. Let me go to the castle. *Knight* Cuno *long since wished* me to become his *armour bearer.*

"*Peter.* Will you leave your old father alone in this wilderness.

"*Henry.* You are a *pious* man; the whole vicinity reveres the pious brother Peter; who would hurt you?

"*Peter.* Enough, Henry it is not becoming you to be Cuno's armour bearer.

"*Henry.* Is not the race of Hallwyll noble and renowned? and who am I, then, that I should be ashamed to learn of Cuno to bear arms?

"*Peter. Dive not into matters* which time only unfolds. A youth may bear arms, *but not keep* a secret.

"*Henry.* Father, why humble me? Is a noble name my inheritance, why will you withhold *the* treasure from me?

"*Peter.* To deliver it now into your hands, would be depriving you of it.

"*Henry. A problem! always problems!* why has the father so little confidence in his son? Have you fled from the field of honour into a desert? Have you converted your armour into a hermit's habit? And why? has power forced you to it?

"*Peter.* And suppose you have *hit the point?*

"*Henry.* Then give me a sword, I will avenge you!

"*Peter.* No, son, *revenge slowly follows vice, and has wings only to attain virtue.* The wished for hour is *not yet come.*

* Mr. S. is somewhat capricious in his translation of names. That of the author is *August of Kotzebue*, and *Henrich* is Henry, but *Elizabeth, Gertrude*, and *John*, good English names, are discarded for their originals, *Elsbeth, Gertraud*, and *Hans.*

† Tournaments *(Turnieren.)*

‡ *Wissenchaft.*

"*Henry.* Allow me, *at least*, to travel into foreign countries, to prepare myself by *actions* for *your revenge.*

"*Peter. Would'st* soon forget, in the *tumult* of the world, your old father and his *wilderness.*

"*Henry. You are not in earnest.* I love you and the wilderness where I *grew* up; I love the apple-tree which you *have planted* on my second birth-day; and the grave *upon which* you *used* to weep; I love the *wood* stream, *our summer bath*, and the little garden, where the plants grow under my hands. Above all, I love *Miss Elsbeth*, who was *shooting* at my side like a young *cedar*, and whose *cheeks glow* like the castle windows when the evening sun gilds them. *Also do* I *love* old *Cuno*, because Elsbeth calls him father. Not to forget mother Gertraud! often have I *plagued* her in return for her *nice cakes.* Yes, I love all, all. The road into the world is the road to honour; *that into the mountains, the small path to tranquillity.* Suffer only one *twig of laurels* to bloom round my head. *After that I am with you, and lay myself to Elsbeth's feet.*

"*Peter.* Water your *plants*, and if you grow too warm, cool yourself in the *wood* stream, till the *time-piece calls* you to *higher actions*—who *knows how soon?* a short while yet—perhaps fortune *favours you* before the leaves fall off these trees. My basket is finished. You forgot, *by your prattling*, your day's work. There, in the garden, is work enough. Split your wood, *and then come* to assist me. *Exit.*"

Mr. S. has not even the merit which is claimed by a *literal* translator, that of being *faithful* to the original. His deviations and mistakes are numerous.

To particularize all the faults which are crowded into this short scene, exceeds our patience, and would carry us beyond the limits of this review. Those who are acquainted with the original will see them, and some opinion may be formed of their number from a comparison with the *English* translation. A few of our readers might, perhaps, be diverted by an exhibition of the awkward mistakes of Mr. S. but, in most, it would produce weariness and disgust.

What will they say to such passages as these? "Time will make *an armour* moulder—It is to me as if your charming cheerfulness had remained *sticking in your children's shoes.*" What a speech from the old Chevalier Walter to the *maid Elsbeth*, in their love-scene!

What a *bear* old *Cuno* must be to "*growl*" so much at his daughter. Old *Gertraud* is made "to *lay* piously upon her *knees*," and to complain that "her *bones* will not *carry* her."

Henry is so reluctant to quit the place of his beloved, that he requests Bruno to "give him a push in the back, and make him tumble forwards." But we should fill a volume, were we to point out, and dwell upon, all the *beauties* of this translation.

---

*Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.*

## Art. III.

*Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By* Benjamin Count Rumford. *The first American, from the third London Edition.*

[Continued from p. 64, and concluded.]

THE sequel of this essay treats of various subjects, some curious and philosophical, and some of practical importance. We shall dismiss this publication with the following particulars.

To facilitate an important change in the mode of feeding the numerous objects of charity who were shut up in the House of Industry, in Dub-

lin, our author constructed a *perpetual oven.*

In the centre of a cylindrical mass of brick-work, about eight feet in diameter, which occupies the middle of a large room on the ground floor, he constructed a small circular closed fire-place for burning either wood, peat, turf, or coals. The diameter of the fire-place is about eleven inches, the grate being placed about ten inches above the floor, and the top of the fire-place is contracted to about four inches. Immediately above this narrow throat, six separate canals (each furnished with a damper, by means of which its opening can be contracted more or less, or entirely closed) go off horizontally, by which the flame is conducted into six separate sets of flues, under six large plates of cast iron, which form the bottoms of six ovens on the same level, and joining each other by their sides, which are concealed in the cylindrical mass of the brick-work. Each of these plates of cast iron being in the form of an equilateral triangle, they all unite in the centre of the cylindrical mass of brick-work, consequently, the two sides of each unite in a point at the bottom of it, forming an angle of sixty degrees.

The flame, after circulating under the bottoms of these ovens, rises up in two canals concealed in the front wall of each oven, and situated on the right and left of its mouth, and after circulating again in similar flues on the upper flat surface of another triangular plate of cast iron, which forms the top of the oven, goes off upwards by a canal furnished with a damper into a hollow place, situated on the top of the cylindrical mass of the brick-work, from which it passes off in a horizontal iron tube, about seven inches in diameter, suspended near the ceiling of the room, into a chimney situated on one side of the room.

These six ovens, which are contiguous to each other in this mass of brick-work, are united by their sides by thin walls made of tiles about one and an half inches thick, and ten inches square, placed edgewise; and each oven having its separate canal furnished with a register, communicating with the fire-place, any one or more of them may be heated without heating the others, or the heat may be turned off from one of them to the other in continual succession; and, by managing matters properly, the process of baking may be *uninterrupted.* As soon as the bread is drawn out of one of the ovens, the fire may immediately be turned under it, to heat it again, while that from under which the fire is taken is filled with unbaked loaves, and closed up.

A principal object which he had in view in constructing this oven, was to prevent the great loss of heat which is occasioned in large ovens, by keeping the mouth of the oven open for so considerable a length of time as is necessary for putting in, and drawing out the bread. As one of these small ovens contains only five large loaves, or cakes, it may be charged, or the bread, when baked, may be drawn, in a moment; and during this time, the other five ovens are kept closed, and consequently are not losing heat; *one* of them is heating, while the other *four* are filled with bread in different stages of the process of baking.

"When constructed," continues the author, "this oven, though I had no doubt of its being perfectly well calculated for the use for which it was principally designed, —baking oaten cakes, which are commonly baked on heated iron plates,—yet I was by no means sure it would answer for baking common bread in large thick loaves. I had not made the experiment. And though I could not conceive

that any thing more could be necessary in the process of baking than *heat*,—and here I was absolutely master of every degree of it that could possibly be wanted, and could even regulate the succession of different degrees of it at pleasure,—I thought it probable that some particular management might be required in baking bread in these metalic ovens, a knowledge of which could only be acquired by experience.

What served to strengthen these suspicions, was a discovery which had accidentally been made by the cook of the Military Academy. In the course of *his* experiments, he found that my roaster is admirably well calculated for baking pies, puddings, and pastry of all kinds; provided, however, that the fire be managed *in a certain way;* for, when the fire is managed in the same manner in which it ought to be managed in roasting meat, pies and pastry will absolutely be spoiled. After repeated failures and disappointments, and after having lost all hopes of ever being able to succeed in his attempts, the cook, by mere accident, as he assured me, discovered the important secret; and important he certainly considers it to be, and feels no small degree of satisfaction, not to say pride, in having been so fortunate as to make the discovery. He must pardon me if I take the liberty, even without his permission, to publish it to the world for the good of mankind.

"*The roaster must be well heated before the pies or pastry are put into it, and the blowers must never be quite closed during the process.*

"I have lately found that by using similar precautions, bread may be perfectly well baked in metalic ovens, similar to that in the House of Industry in Dublin.

"Thinking it more than probable that means might be devised for managing the heat in such a manner as to perform that process in ovens constructed on these principles, and heated *from without;* and conceiving that not only a great saving of fuel, but also several other very important advantages, could not fail to be derived from that discovery, on my return to Munich from England, in August last, I immediately set about making experiments, with a view to the investigation of that subject; and I have so far succeeded in them, that for these last four months my table has been supplied entirely with bread baked in my own house, by my cook, in an oven constructed of thin sheet-iron, which is heated (like my roasters) from without;—and I will venture to add, that I never tasted better bread. All those who have eaten of it have unanimously expressed the same opinion of it. It is very light, most thoroughly baked without being too much dried, and I think remarkably well tasted. The loaves, which ware made small in order that they may have a greater proportion of crust (which, when the bread is baked in this way, is singularly delicate), are placed in the oven on circular plates of thin sheet-iron, raised about an inch on slender iron feet. Were the loaf placed on the bottom of the oven, the under crust would presently be burnt to a coal, and the bread spoiled. A precaution absolutely necessary in baking bread in the manner here recommended, is to leave a passage for the steam generated in the process of baking to escape. This may be done either by constructing a steam-chimney for that purpose, furnished with a damper; or simply by making a register in the door of the oven.

"I cannot help expressing a wish that what I have here advanced, may induce others, especially bakers, who may find their own advantage in the prosecution of these interesting and

important investigations, to turn their attention to them.

"How exceedingly useful would my roasters be, and ovens constructed on the principles here recommended, on shipboard! I have had frequent opportunities of seeing how difficult it is, in bad weather, to cook at sea; and it is easy to imagine how much it would contribute to the comfort of seafaring people, especially at times when they are exposed to the greatest fatigues and hardships, to enable them to have their tables well supplied with warm victuals.

"In order that the motion of the vessel might not derange any part of the apparatus used in the process of cooking at sea in my roasters, the form of the roaster should be that of a perfect cylinder, and the dripping-pan in which the meat is placed, should be a longitudinal section of another cylinder, less in diameter than the roaster by about an inch, and suspended on two pivots in the axis of the roaster, in such a manner that the dripping-pan may swing freely in the roaster, without touching its sides. The roaster should be placed in the brick-work, with its axis in the direction of the length of the ship; and, to prevent the gravy from being thrown out of the dripping-pan when the vessel pitches, its hollow cavity should be divided into a number of compartments, by partitions running across it from side to side.

"The cottage fire-place which I fitted up as a model, in the court-yard of the house of the Dublin society, was not quite finished when I left Ireland; but an idea may be formed, from what was done, of the general principles on which such fire-places may be constructed. On each side of the open chimney fire-place, (which being small, was built in the middle of one much larger, which was constructed to represent a large open fire-place, such as are now general in cottages) I fitted up an iron pot on a peculiar construction, and designed for the use of a poor family in cooking their victuals. This pot is nearly of a cylindrical form, about sixteen inches in diameter, and eight inches deep: and under its bottom, which is quite flat, there is a thin spiral projection, which was cast with the pot, and serves instead of feet to it; the turns of which, when the pot is set down on a flat surface, form a spiral flue, in which the flame circulates under the bottom of the pot. This projection, which is near half an inch thick where it is united with the bottom of the pot, and less than a quarter of an inch below where its lower edge rests on the ground, is about four inches wide, or rather deep. This projection was made tapering, in order to its being more easily cast. To defend the outside of this pot from the cold air, the pot is inclosed in a cylinder of thin sheet-iron, equal in diameter to the extreme width of the pot at its brim, just as high as the depth of the pot and of its spiral flues taken together. The pot is fastened to this cylindrical case by being driven into it with force, a rim in the form of a flat hoop, about an inch and an half deep, and a little tapering, being cast on the outside of the pot at its brim, the external surface of which was fitted exactly into the top of this cylinder. This projection is useful, not only in uniting the pot to its cylindrical case, but also to keep this cylindrical case at some small distance from the sides of the pot, by which means the heat is more effectually confined.

"To be able to move about this pot from place to place, it has two handles which are riveted to the outside of its cylindrical case; and it is provided with a wooden cover."

## *THEATRICAL REGISTER.*

1799. *Nov.* 18th. THE Theatre of New-York was opened with the Heir at Law (by G. Colman the younger), and the Old Maid.

20th. The Carmelite and Poor Soldier. Authors Cumberland and O'Keefe.

22d. Lovers' Vows and Highland Reel. The first from "Das kind der Liebe" of A. von Kotzebue, as translated by Miss Plumbtree; the second by O'Keefe.

23d. Heir at Law, and No Song no Supper.

25th. School for Soldiers, and Temple of Independence; both by W. Dunlap.

27th. Macbeth and Romp. Shakespeare and Bickerstaff.

29th. Self-Immolation, as translated from "Der Opfer Todt" of A. von Kotzebue, by Neuman; and the Double Disguise.—This play is well translated. It is formed powerfully to interest the feelings and awaken our sensibility. The incidents are of a domestic kind, and of that high wrought distress which excites the deepest sympathy. From some cause or other, it did not gain that popularity on the stage, which was to be expected from its perusal in the closet. It certainly is entitled to much more applause than it received.

30th. Young Quaker and Agreeable Surprise; both by O'Keefe.

*Dec.* 2d. Self-Immolation and Shipwreck.

4th. Hamlet (Shakespeare), and No Song no Supper.

6th. Cure for a Heart-Ache and Highland Reel. Reynolds and O'Keefe.

9th. Romeo and Juliet (Shakespeare), and Children in the Wood.

11th. False Shame, or the American Orphan in Germany, as translated from A. von Kotzebue, by W. Dunlap; and the Farmer, by O'Keefe.—If it is permitted to rely on our ears alone, the translation of False Shame is the best of any that have appeared of the plays of this favourite dramatist. Mr. Dunlap will acquire not less esteem and public approbation as a judicious and elegant translator, than as an able and discreet manager. Of his judgment and taste in the selection of plays, this register will be the best evidence. In FALSE SHAME, the vice of many amiable and excellent minds, is depicted by Kotzebue, in vivid and glowing colours. Its pernicious influence on domestic and social happiness, is exhibited in a manner that cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression on the hearer. No play ever deserved or received more unalloyed approbation. The characters were well supported, and the frequency of its exhibition is the best proof of the opinion of the public, both of the play and the performance.

13th. False Shame and Smugglers.

14th. Siege of Belgrade and Jew and Doctor.

16th. King John (Shakespeare), and Smugglers.—King John, tho' abounding with some of the purest scenes and sentiments of our great dramatist, did not attract an audience sufficiently numerous to induce a second representation.

18th. False Shame, and Tom Thumb, by Fielding.

20th. The Minister, as translated from Schiller by Lewis, and the Purse, altered from the German.—The plays of Schiller deeply interest in the closet; but their very great length (and they do not well bear being curtailed) renders them unfit

for representation on our stage. The passions, too, pourtrayed by this author, are so lofty, eccentric, daring, and extravagant, so nearly bordering on the marvellous and absurd, that they suit not the temper and taste of the greatest portion of our countrymen.

30th. After being closed for a week, from respect to the memory of Lieut. Gen. George Washington, the Theatre opened again this evening, with a Monody on the death of Gen. Washington; a play never before performed, called the Robbery; translated from the Clementine and Desormes of M. Monvel, by W. Dunlap, and the Shipwreck. —The Robbery appears to be well translated. Its moral is good. Its performance was injured by the deficient memory of one of the principal performers; but, on the whole, it received considerable applause. The play itself deserves to be placed among those exotics which have been transplanted with so much success into our soil, and to be exhibited with them in its turn.

1800. *Jan.* 1st. Mountaineers, by G. Colman the younger, and the Tempest, altered from Dryden's alteration of Shakespeare.

2d. Macbeth and Highland Reel.

3d. Robbery and Children in the Wood.

6th. False Shame and Prize.

8th. Gustavus Vasa, by Brooke, and an Ode to the memory of Washington, by Mr. Low, accompanied with music.

10th. Gustavus Vasa and Ode.—Gustavus Vasa abounds with excellent sentiments, which have rendered it popular as a dramatic composition; but it is not calculated to maintain a place on the stage.

11th. Hamlet and Ode.

13th. Lovers' Vows and Tom Thumb.

15th. Stranger, as altered from Kotzebue by W. Dunlap, and Adopted Child.

17th. False Shame, and Maid of the Oaks, by General Burgoyne.

18th. Venice Preserved (Otway) and Lock and Key.

20th. Romeo and Juliet and Lock and Key.

22d. Count Benyowsky, as translated and adapted to the stage by W. Dunlap, from the German of A. von Kotzebue, and Two Strings to your Bow.—Count Benyowsky, though not the first of the plays of Kotzebue, is a very pleasing dramatic performance. The last scene is finely wrought up and highly impassioned. Few scenes in any play are equal to it for genuine pathos and feeling.

24th. Wild-Goose-Chase, a comic opera, in four acts, as translated from Der Wild Fang of A. von Kotzebue, by W. Dunlap; songs added by the translator; music by J. Hewit; and the Spoiled Child.—This farce of Kotzebue, the translator, by the addition of songs and music, has converted into a comic opera. He has also divided the piece into four acts. It abounds with comic scenes and humorous incidents. The characters are diversified, strongly marked, and very amusing. The dialogue is lively, spirited, and entertaining. It is a valuable addition to the stock of humorous comedies, and greatly superior to any of the productions of the same kind from the pens of English dramatists. It will be a standing source of innocent amusement for a winter's evening, as well as for a "Christmas holiday." The version of Mr. D. appears to be judicious and correct. All the characters of the piece are well filled and supported by the several performers; and no piece, in this respect, ever gave more entire satisfaction.

25th. A Cure for the Heart-Ache and Lock and Key.

27th. Wild-Goose-Chase; and Midnight Hour, from the French, by Mrs. Inchbald.

29th. Wild-Goose-Chase; and Rosina, by Mrs. Brooke.

31st. Road to Ruin, by Holcroft, and Two Strings to your Bow.

The lovers of the drama cannot fail to be highly gratified by the industry and attention of the manager in getting up new and celebrated plays, and by that enlightened choice and just discrimination which seeks to convert the Theatre into a powerful instrument of public instruction; or, at least, to render it a place of harmless amusement.

T.

*(To be continued.)*

---

## *SELECTIONS.*

*Sketch of the Character of the late Rev. Dr.* John B. Smith, *Pastor of the third Presbyterian Church in the City of Philadelphia. Extracted from a Sermon preached on occasion of his Death. By* Samuel Blair, D. D.

UNDER this view, as well as from due respect to that character, I presume on your indulgence, while I farther dilate on it with references and application yet more particular. We are naturally disposed, though with gratification as mournful as pleasing, to reflect and dwell on the merits of our departed friends; and so prone is our nature to indiscriminate reflection of this kind, that even envy hath sometimes been known to speak well of the dead. I am aware, however, that encomiums of this kind are by some regarded as merely fictitious, or, at least, as representations far exceeding the life. Doubtless, many instances of notorious partiality have given occasion for this unfavourable sentiment.

But, in the present instance, I surely may speak with freedom: for I speak before those, who have had the best advantages for knowing the man. And who, indeed, that hath heard of the decease of the Rev. Dr. John Smith, knoweth not, that "a great man hath fallen in Israel."

He was eminent in point of christian principle and christian conversation and conduct. He was eminent in point of natural intellectual abilities. He was eminent in point of knowledge both human and divine. And with all these endowments, he was eminently qualified for the sacred office which he sustained, and the several departments in which he had been called to serve.

He was a servant, whom our common Master and Lord had thought fit to entrust with many talents, and to the useful occupation of those talents he was divinely called in very early life. Born of parents distinguished by their piety and parental virtues, it pleased God, not long after he had emerged from childhood, to co-operate in a very effectual manner with their instructions and example, and to imbue his heart with a very special and abiding sense of religion and eternal concerns. By this means, he was happily guarded from those vicious sources, which too frequently prevent the improvement of youth, and sometimes entail on them an useless, if not a worse than useless life. Of course he grew up, at once, in stature, in knowledge, and in heavenly grace.

The rudiments of literature he acquired under the immediate inspection and tuition of his father;

a father, whose piety and public affection did not fail to avail themselves of the hopeful inclinations of the youth; and to direct and prompt him to such use of his acquirements, as should be most conducive to the interests of humanity and the honour of his great Redeemer. His progress, accordingly, not only at this period, but throughout the whole course of his academical studies, was alike expeditious and promising. And it is worthy of observation, that partly from a natural firmness of mind, and partly from a clear and deep conviction of duty, he was seldom or ever known, though of a disposition remarkably cheerful, and prone to social enjoyment, to be drawn into any form of frivolity or dissipation, incompatible with the strictest christian integrity. With him, it was an established maxim, frequently expressed, and uniformly acted upon, as well in earlier, as more advanced life, that, in a moral and religious sense, there were but two characters on earth; either lovers of God, or lovers of the world. Of the former of these, it was his habitual aim to exhibit a temper and deportment, both pointedly and obviously expressive. Yet such was the enlightened candour of his heart, that he always disapproved of that blind rigidity and rashness, which would pronounce indiscriminately against the uprightness of those who, in instances, either indifferent, or in themselves innocent, or to him dubious, conducted in a manner different from that which more strictly accorded with his own conceptions of christian propriety.

From these promising appearances it may well be supposed, that his trials for the ministry, and admission to the sacred office, were accompanied with rather unusual approbation and hopes. How far he justified those hopes and that approbation, you of this society well know; and those indeed of every department of the church in which he officiated. Of the many talents he possessed, he suffered none, whose use might contribute to the great end of his ministry, to remain unoccupied; and well it is known, that he used them with a zeal and address even singularly ardent, pointed, and forcible.

By this means, he was admirably fitted, and seemed to be designed for singular usefulness: and with singular usefulness his glorious Lord was pleased to honour him. In the earlier stage of his ministry, in the State of Virginia, he was a principal instrument in promoting an unusual religious attention. And of this extraordinary concurrence of Heaven with his labours, many are the precious fruits which remain to this day.

How far, in like manner, he succeeded in this department of the christian Vineyard, it might be thought superfluous to add. Thus far, however, we cannot help observing, that his official instructions, both public and private, were sought after, and attended to by people both of this and other societies; and that too with very great avidity and eventual profit: That his merits as a preacher and pastor endeared him to every individual: That his services were highly beneficial in quickening and establishing many serious christians, and in promoting many others to a solicitous attention to the things which belong to their eternal peace; and, in fine, in rendering this congregation one of the most respectable and flourishing in this populous city.

His attainments in science, and various branches of learning, recommended him to the superintendency of a very important seminary for the instruction of youth, in the State aforementioned. His ce-

lebrity, likewise, in these procured him those suffrages, in consequence of which, under a conviction of duty, and with the consent of his Brethren, he resigned his former establishment in this church, and assumed the presidency of a college in the State of New-York. In these departments, whilst his connection with them continued, he acquitted himself with great approbation, and very observable success. The studies of theology, however, and the various attentions more immediately attached to his sacred office, most warmly interested his heart, and were his predominant delight. For these, even during his academical engagements, he would improve, as far as he consistently could, every opportunity which Providence appeared to offer him. And, though the energies, particularly of his public addresses, were often injurious to his bodily frame, yet, no persuasion could prevail upon him to spare himself. It was his joy and his glory to "spend and be spent" in his Master's cause.

Blessed with a memory uncommonly retentive, and aided by a superior relish for spiritual information, the language of the sacred oracles was at all times familiar to him. This was manifest by his great ability and aptness in "dividing the word of truth." In consequence, how unexpectedly soever, he might be called to dispense that word, he could "bring out of his treasure things both new and old." How clearly and fully was he wont to explain his subject! With what irresistible argument would he confirm the truth! With what admirable dexterity would he accommodate it to the state and characters of his audience! With what persuasion would he move the heart! With what luminous force would he arrest and strike the conscience! He spoke like one who knew the worth of souls. He spoke as a messenger from God to perishing immortals. He spoke as impelled by the powers of the world to come.

In his visitations of the people of his charge, which he considered as a very important branch of the pastoral service, his conversation was, at once, familiar, interesting, edifying, and persuasive; and, at the same time, with such pious and happy address accommodated to their several characters, ages, habits, and improvements, as promised, with the blessing of heaven, the most desirable eventual fruit. But more especially did this felicity appear on those occasions when he was prompted by sentiments of more sensible sympathetic affection in the houses of mourning, or in the chambers of sickness and approaching mortality.

And here, it is with equal pleasure and confidence I add, that his sedulity and zeal, in his various official attentions, was not "as the cloud or the dew of the morning, which soon passeth away." Instead of diminishing, it very apparently increased with the progress of time and circumstance. This was most remarkably obvious during the period of his latter ministrations in this society. As the sun, in its ascension, augmenteth its lustre until it hath reached its meridian point, so the course of this servant of God "shone brighter and brighter," to its destined absorption, "in the perfect day."

He was conscientiously punctual in attendance on the several ecclesiastical judicatures with which he was connected. To his conduct in these, the Presbyterian Church of the United States is much indebted. His wisdom, moderation, and clearness of conception, added to a happy facility and pertinence in speech, a force in reasoning, and a well known and approved zeal for truth and duty, contributed to render his

counsels always weighty, and, for the most part, decisive.

But not in his public life only was he distinguished as a good and faithful servant. In private life, though less to observation exposed, he was not the less faithful and good. Here his manners and conduct were not the result of constitutional good temper alone, nor of prescriptions founded alone on the maxims of experience or natural reason. They were, likewise, the fruits of benevolence; of benevolence enlightened, exalted, and purified by the grace of the gospel. A view to the service of his Lord was uniformly and indiscriminately connected with every private and social duty.

His aspect was intelligent and rather prepossessing. His deportment was easy and serious; yet agreeably animated. His temper was calm and accommodating; yet, as his principles, enlightened and steady. His conversation was, at once, instructive and entertaining. With his friends, indeed, he was often facetious, and sometimes witty; yet never, in his most unrestrained indulgencies, would he violate the claims of christian decorum and prudence.

In his disposition he was generous and liberal; compassionate to the sick and afflicted; and, as his ability admitted, he was always the poor man's friend! In the tenor of his conduct, indeed, he manifested a noble indifference towards earthly things.

As to his moral and religious principles of whatever class, he was not only well informed, but his sentiments and conduct relating to, or founded upon them, were highly and judiciously cultured; and, as occasion required, always advantageously expressed. In these he was firm; but not blindly rigid; strictly consistent; yet candid, and ever open to rational convictions.

As a friend, he was warm, sincere, and stedfast; equally remote from ostentatious profession, and from precarious humour. His approbation was not easily gained; nor, when gained, was it easily lost.

As a husband, he was affectionate and kind. As a father, he was prudently indulgent and tender. In this latter relation, while he conciliated affection, and allured the filial freedom, he at the same time, commanded a becoming veneration.

Who, in short, that knew him, would not be ready to say, Happy the family over which he presided! Happy the man who was favoured with his friendship! And more happy the people whose heavenly interests were his peculiar care! He was a public blessing to the church. He was an honour to the people of his pastoral charge. He was an ornament to the christian and ministerial profession. As the great apostle of the Gentiles, he "magnified his office." He spoke as he believed—he practised as he spoke. He lived the good and faithful servant. He died in the Lord. And his works have followed him.

---

## *Remarkable Adventures of* Mr. Johnson, *of Virginia, taken Prisoner in* 1790, *by the Indians.*

[From the Travels of M. Liancourt.]

MR. Johnson, inhabitant and merchant of Richmond, in Virginia, found himself under the necessity of proceeding to Kentucky; there to receive certain sums of money, due to his father, who was recently dead; and to examine some witnesses before the supreme court of the State of Virginia. Having made the same tour the preceding year, he set out accordingly from Richmond, in the beginning of the month of March, 1790, and proceeded with his friend,

Mr. May, a great land-holder in Kentucky, and an inhabitant of Petersburg, to Kecklar's Station, in Virginia, on the banks of the Great Kanhaway. They found there James Skuyl, a merchant, of Great Brayer court-house, in Virginia, who was carrying a large quantity of merchandize to Kentucky. They jointly purchased one of the vessels which, as they are intended merely to descend the Ohio, and are not built to remount it, have no more durability than is required for that purpose, and are, consequently, sold at a cheap rate. They are large flat-bottomed vessels, without any deck; and are sold in Limestone for the value of their timber. That bought by Mr. Johnson and his fellow travellers, cost thirty dollars.

I state these particulars, though they may appear trifling, as they will not, perhaps, be found altogether unuseful; the emigration to Kentucky being, at this time, extremely frequent, and the way of proceeding thither by water being the most expiditious, the least expensive, and the most generally chosen of any.

Having embarked on board this vessel, with their merchandize and stores, they descended the river, working the vessel themselves. During the whole passage of two hundred and ninety-five miles thence to Limestone, nothing is required but to keep the vessel in the middle of the stream, which is sufficiently rapid to carry her down, without the least assistance from rowing. At the confluence of the Kanhaway with the Ohio, at Point Pleasant, they found three other travellers, who were waiting for an opportunity to proceed on the same journey; namely, William Phlyn, of Point Pleasant, a petty tradesman, who was in the habit of travelling to Kentucky; and Dolly and Peggy Fleming, likewise of Point Pleasant, who intended to proceed to Kentucky, under the protection of Phlyn, a relation of theirs, and to settle in that place.

They were all of them fully aware, that the navigation of the Ohio is not exempt from danger; but they also knew, that instances of the Indians attacking a vessel in the midst of the stream are very rare, and that an attack on a vessel, with six persons on board, was altogether unprecedented. They, therefore, made themselves perfectly easy. Having left Point Pleasant on Friday, the 20th of March, early in the morning, they proceeded, during a passage of twenty-two hours, with all the care, which the weather, when favourrable, admits of in these sorts of vessels. They had sailed one hundred and six miles; it was five o'clock in the morning; they were near the confluence of the Sciota, and had a fair prospect of reaching Limestone the next morning, by day-break. Passing on with this expectation, they heard dreadful shrieks, proceeding from two men, who spoke English, and told them, in the most affecting tone of grief, that they had been taken prisoners by the Indians, and had made their escape, but feared to fall again into their hands. They had not eaten any thing for these four days past, and entreated, if they could not be taken on board, to be at least supplied with some provisions, and thus saved from the unavoidable danger of perishing through hunger. The first and immediate sentiment of all the passengers impelled them to succour these unfortunate persons: but a little consideration excited strong apprehensions in some of them, lest the assistance which they might afford these persons should throw themselves into the hands of the Indians. Mr. Johnson, as well as Mr. May, entertained this fear, which, on

the other hand, was combated as groundless by the other two men; and the two women, yielding to compassion (a feeling more prevalent in their sex than ours), declared it an act of barbarous cruelty, on the part of the above two gentlemen, to oppose the saving the lives of the above two persons, in danger of instant death. Johnson and May, though still impressed with the same apprehensions, felt extremely uneasy, when they considered, that in consequence of *their* prudence, the unfortunate men might, perhaps, perish. They would not appear less humane than the rest, who shared the same danger, and accordingly defended their opinion with less firmness, than when they first proposed it. The two unfortunate men followed the vessel along the shore, as she was carried onwards by the current. Their mournful lamentations, their screams, and expressions of agonizing anguish and despair still increasing, William Phlyn, who derived some kind of authority from his being accustomed to this passage, and in the habit of frequenting Kentucky, proposed that he would go alone, and carry bread to the unfortunate sufferers, if his companions would land him on shore. He contended, that he should discern the Indians from afar, if they made their appearance; that, in in this case, the vessel might easily regain the middle of the stream; and that he would make the journey to Limestone on foot, without falling into the hands of the Indians. It would have been extremely hard to oppose this proposal, which was seconded by the two women, and by James Skuyl. Mr. Johnson and Mr. May, therefore, yielded, rather out of weakness than from any hearty approbation of the measure. They steered towards the shore, where the two sufferers were dragging themselves along, as if tormented by the most excruciating pains. Why is it, that humanity and candour must so frequently fall victims to artifice and fraud? The apprehensions of the two gentlemen were but too well founded. The two men were two traitors, suborned by the Indians to decoy the vessel to the shore. The Indians followed them, at some distance, constantly concealing themselves behind trees.

The moment the vessel reached the shore, they burst forth, about twenty-five or thirty in number, raised a dreadful howl, and fired on the passengers. Two of them were killed by the first firing, and the rest, in equal astonishment and terror, endeavoured to regain the middle of the stream; but being too near the shore, and their activity and dexterity being severely checked by the proximity of the impending danger, they made but little way. The two persons killed, were Mr. May and Dolly Fleming. The Indians continued to fire. James Skuyl was wounded, and two horses which were on board were killed. All this increased the terror of the three travellers, who were yet able to work, and impaired their exertions. The fury of the Indians increased in proportion to their hope of success. Some threw themselves into the river, and swam towards the ship; those who remained on shore, threatened to fire on the passengers if they should make the least resistance, and kept their pieces constantly levelled against them. The swimmers brought the ship accordingly on shore; and the unfortunate Americans were obliged to land under the continued howl of the Indians, which, however, were no longer the accents of rage, but shouts of joy, on account of the seizure of their prey. The Indians offered them their hands, which they shook with more or less satisfaction, in proportion to the greater or less

degree of fear they felt, which we may easily conceive not to have been small. This reception, however, in some measure allayed their apprehension. While some of the Indians were thus saluting the prisoners, and led them away from the shore, the rest were busied in landing all the merchandize and stores. Some cut wood, and made a fire. These arrangements were soon made. The articles found in the ship, were carried to the fire, as well as the two unfortunate persons who had been shot. The latter were completely stripped of their clothes, scalped on the spot, and their corpses thrown into the river. Mr. May was an intimate friend of Mr. Johnson, and the latter is yet at a loss for adequate terms to express the horror he felt at this dreadful sight, which, for some time, overpowered all his apprehension concerning his own safety. The scalps were dried by the fire, to increase the trophies of the tribe.

While the male prisoners were stripped of what articles they had about them, with more or less rigour, according to the whims of those who took this task upon them, or happened to be the nearest, the clothes of Peggy Flemming were not touched. Mr. Johnson's coat and waistcoat were already pulled off, and half his shirt, when an Indian, who hitherto had not concerned himself with his dress, returned it to him, and spoke to him who was pulling off the shirt, in a tone not only implying censure, but also a right to offer it. The same Indian gave him a blanket by way of indemnification for the loss of his coat and waistcoat. His shoes were taken from him, and instead of them they gave him *mockisons*, or Indian shoes, made of deer-skins. His breeches and stockings were yet left him; all the clothes were added to the rest of the booty. The Indians were now near seventy in number, among whom were about a dozen women. Their leader assembled them around the fire, and, holding the tomahawk in his hand, addressed them in a speech, which lasted about an hour, and which he delivered with great ease and fluency of expression, with gestures, and in a tone of enthusiasm, looking frequently up to heaven, or casting down his eyes on the ground, and pointing now to the prisoners, now to the river. Almost at every phrase, the Indians, who listened to him with the utmost attention, expressed their approbation and applause with accents of deep, mournful exclamation. The booty was divided among the different tribes which shared in this enterprize. The tribe of the Shawanese being the most numerous, and that to which the leader belonged, received three prisoners; and William Phlyn fell to the share of the other tribe, the Cherokees. Every prisoner was given to the charge of an Indian, who was answerable for his person. Although thus distributed, the prisoners remained together, and neglected not to improve the liberty allowed them, conversing with each other without restraint.

The two men who, by their lamentations, had decoyed them on shore, now rejoined the Indians. Their wretched victims poured forth against them severe reproaches, though they were somewhat softened by the fear of being overheard by the Indians. They pleaded necessity, and that they had been ordered, on pain of death, to act as they did. By their accounts, they were inhabitants of Kentucky, surprised by the Indians six months before, in their own habitations; and had, already, several times been employed in similar treachery. The stores found on board the vessel, served the Indians for their meals, in which they generously allowed

the prisoners to partake. Night coming on, every one lay down to rest under the trees. The prisoners were surrounded by the tribes to which they respectively belonged, and singly guarded by the Indian who had the charge of them. Peggy Fleming, who was never left by her guards, was, this night in particular, surrounded by women. Mr. Johnson was tied by the elbows, and the ends of the ropes were fastened to trees, which stood far asunder, so that it was altogether impossible for him to lie down. Yet this was not deemed sufficient. Another rope, fastened to a tree, was tied around his neck, and from it a rattle was suspended, which, if he had made the least motion, would have awakened the whole troop. The rest were treated nearly in the same manner. The two white spies enjoyed the most perfect liberty. Some Indians were stationed, at certain distances, around the party, to observe what was passing in the surrounding country.

Early in the morning the prisoners were unbound, and suffered to enjoy the same liberty as on the preceding day. About ten o'clock the Indians who were posted along the banks of the Ohio, reported that a vessel was dropping down the river. The prisoners were ordered to join the other two, who yesterday beguiled their prey, and to exert their utmost efforts to decoy the passengers in the ship on shore. It is easy to conceive that the horror which they felt, on receiving these orders, was strongly combated by the fear of instant death, with which they were threatened in case of disobedience and refusal. They were, therefore, under the necessity of joining the other two white men. Mr. Johnson, however, though compelled, for the preservation of his own life, to pretend to do like the others, firmly determined not to make himself guilty of occasioning the slavery, or probable death of the unfortunate passengers on board, by any voluntary action on his part; and, consequently, neither to make the smallest gesture, nor to speak a word. And well might he spare himself this trouble. His companions exerted themselves to the utmost, to excite the compassion of the passengers on board, who, without the least hesitation, stood in towards the shore, to succour, and rescue from slavery, those whom they thought unfortunate captives. Scarely had they approached within a small distance of the shore, when the Indians, who, as on the preceding day, had stolen along behind the bushes, hastened up, fired, and shot the six persons on board. Shouts of victory succeeded to the howls of barbarous rage. The vessel was hauled on shore; and two of the ill-fated passengers, who were not yet dead, were immediately dispatched with the tomahawk.

The six scalps were torn off and dried, and the booty was divided, but with fewer formalities than on the preceding day. Soon after the scouts made signals that three other vessels were in sight. The same stratagem was employed; but, for this time, in vain. The families on board, which were proceeding to Kentucky, did not appear to make any attempt to deviate from their course, but, on the contrary, pursued it with redoubled activity. The Indians fired at the vessels, but, from the breadth of the Ohio, which, in this place, is almost a mile, the balls took no effect. Yet the passengers were panic-struck. Of the three vessels which they occupied with their cattle, they deserted two, and joined all in one, believing that they might thus proceed faster, and more certainly make their escape. The other two vessels they abandoned to the stream. This measure inspired the Indians

with a hope of seizing them, which they would never have attempted if the passengers, without leaving these two vessels, had steadfastly pursued their course. The Indians, who, in all their enterprizes, are rather animated by a thirst for plunder than by real courage, never venture upon an attack, without being convinced, that they are superior in strength; a conviction, which they do not readily admit. Inspirited by their number, by the obvious panic of their enemies, and by the separation of their means of defence, they resolved on pursuing them. Having on the preceding day captured two vessels, they went on board, embarked their prisoners, and, with all possible speed, pursued the fleeing ship. The two vessels, which had been abandoned to the stream, soon fell into their hands; but, not satisfied with their capture, they were bent upon taking the third, which they pursued with redoubled exertion, raising dreadful howls, and discharging all their pieces; but their fire proved as ineffectual as their other exertions. The fugitive vessel having gained considerably the start of them, approached a spot, where the Indians feared to encounter new enemies. They were, accordingly, obliged to relinquish their design, and to content themselves with the rich booty which had already fallen into their hands. It consisted of effects, stores, and other valuable articles, belonging to the four families, which had jointly emigrated from Virginia, to settle in Kentucky. They brought every thing on shore; and, without distributing the whole, fell eagerly on some casks of whisky. They drank so largely, that all of them were soon intoxicated. Six or seven, to whom was committed the charge of guarding the booty, and who had been ordered, at the beginning of these Bacchanalian revels, to drink with moderation, retained alone the use of their senses. All the rest lay buried in a profound sleep; and, among them, the leader of the party, and the guards of the prisoners. William Phlyn himself had drank so much whisky, as to be in the same situation with his masters. Mr. Johnson's mind was too deeply affected, by his dreadful situation, to share in this disgusting banquet. Totally absorbed in the contemplation of the dangers and miseries that awaited him, and eagerly desirous of warding them off, if possible, he conceived that the profound sleep of all the Indians around him might afford the means of escape, and communicated his idea to James Skuyl, who was lying by his side. The vessels were fastened to stakes along the shore, at a small distance from them; the success of their enterprize depended merely on their stealing thither unobserved, throwing themselves into the first vessel they should find, the night being very dark, and abandon her to the stream. Success appeared as certain, if they could reach the vessels, as instant death, on the other hand, if they were apprehended. James Skuyl the more readily embraced this project, as, but half an hour before, he escaped death in a manner little short of a miracle. An Indian ran up to him, in the first fit of drunken madness, with the dreadful knife in his hand, to scalp him, and would certainly have accomplished his purpose, but for the interference of two other Indians, less inebriated than he was, who checked his fury. The last words of this conversation were uttered in a voice so very low, that it was impossible to conceive they should have been understood by an Indian, who lay at a considerable distance, though he were even possessed of a knowledge of the English tongue; yet he arose, and tied them in the same manner as the

preceding night, without shewing, however, the least passion, nay, without speaking a word.

Thus the pleasing hopes of the two prisoners were blasted on a sudden, and converted into renewed despair. Tied fast to trees, separated from each other, convinced, by experience, that they were closely watched, without the least intermission, even in moments when they might imagine themselves to be totally unguarded; they could not but suppose themselves doomed to a state of hopeless misery. The remembrance of all they had heard of the cruelty of the Indians towards their prisoners, oppressed their minds with constant horror. They were aware, that they would be yielded up to the grossest insults, and to lingering, cruel, and varied torments. They considered the Indians, who were lying around them in a state of senseless, brutish intoxication, as the instruments of their tortures. It was with these painful ideas, that the two unfortunate prisoners passed the remainder of the night. At break of day, the surrounding troop awoke; they were untied; and this day, the third of their captivity, was spent in continued revels, kept up with the whisky, which had been left the preceding day. The leader, probably from an opinion that his expedition had already proved sufficiently productive, proclaimed his will on the next following day, that it should be closed; and the different tribes, which had taken a share in it, set out on their way home. They all inhabited the neighbourhood of the lakes Ontario and Erie. The leader of the most numerous tribe, was a Shawanese; the rest were Lower Creeks, Wyandats, Mingoes, Othenwages, Delawares, Ottawas, Chipawas, and Cherokees.

Johnson, Jacob Skuyl, and Peggy Flemming, as has already been observed, had fallen to the lot of the Shawanese, forty of which tribe were present in this expedition. They left the Ohio together; while William Phlyn departed with the Cherokees. On the first day's journey, Johnson was ordered to lead a cow, which formed a part of the booty, found on board the two deserted vessels. Jacob Skuyl, being wounded, had nothing to do but follow the troop. Peggy Flemming, who was surrounded by men and women by turns, could go wherever she pleased. They were all three at liberty to converse as they chose, without the Indians having hitherto conceived the smallest distrust. The vast booty, which had fallen to the share of this tribe, was, in part, transported on horses, ten or twelve in number, found in the vessels, and in part carried by Indians, who, at times, loaded Mr. Johnson with part of their burden. The first day's journey was but five miles. The Shawanese halted in a beautiful vale, where, under straggling trees, about forty horses were grazing, which, in the course of the expedition, had been taken from the different travellers, and sent to this spot. They had adopted this measure, because they were to return this way; and it, besides, supplied the horses with food in the utmost abundance. The cow was killed the first day, roasted, and devoured. What had not been eaten, was left behind the next morning, when they set out to renew their journey. The leader, with eight or ten Indians, had, by this time, left the troop, mounted the best horses, and rode off to reach their habitations, before the arrival of the rest. They took Peggy Flemming with them, who, for the preservation of her life, did all she could to please the leader, and the other Indians, on whom she depended. Her good and playful humour insured her success. She

was carried off on one of the best horses, and the apprehensions of her future fate were lost in the pleasure of her journey. Her two companions in misfortune, unable to charm their masters, as she did, continued their journey in the same manner in which they had begun it; except that they had nothing to carry, as the horses were more numerous: the cow too had been killed. The troop breakfasted on some salt meat they had found on board the vessels, and on the remains of the meals of the preceding day, and then moved farther onward. About twelve o'clock they halted. The game killed by the huntsmen was dressed, and the time of their halting was frequently determined by the good or bad luck of the chase. They smoked their pipes before and after dinner, and then set out again to pursue their journey, until about an hour before night-fall. At this time they stopped to eat their evening meal, which was much like the dinner, usually smoked a pipe in profund silence, and then lay down to rest on hides. The prisoners were constantly tied at night, and the journey was pursued in the same unvaried manner. During the march, some Indians, generally the huntsmen, formed a kind of van-guard, and others brought up the rear, at some distance, to watch whether the troop were pursued; for both the mistrust and the vigilance of the Indians are very great. The main body marched as they chose, without the least order. If game was espied, either by the main body or the rear-guard, they killed it. But the van-guard seemed in particular charged with this duty. No more game is killed than what is required for the next meal; and the woods are filled with it to such a degree, as to preclude all apprehension in regard to future subsistence. The game killed is cut into large pieces, and put on stakes driven into the ground. The cookery is performed by the women. The Indians, on lighting their fires, take peculiar care not to set fire to the neighbouring trees.

*(To be continued.)*

---

# Miſcellaneous Articles of Literary and Philoſophical Intelligence.

## Domestic.

DR. Priestley has just published, at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, a work, entitled, "*The Doctrine of Phlogiston established, and that of the Composition of Water refuted.*" This work contains all that Dr. P. has hitherto published on this controverted point, with considerable additions.

The Connecticut Academy are endeavouring to collect and preserve, for publication, a regular series of facts, respecting the following phenomena of nature: the variations of the thermometer and barometer; extraordinary changes of weather, and storms of all kinds; state of the seasons; unusual tides; celestial appearances; earthquakes; unusual numbers of insects; commencement, progress, and termination of epidemic diseases among men and other animals; and other remarkable physical phenomena—noting, in all cases, the precise time when any extraordinary occurrence begins and ends: that, for this purpose, a register be kept, in which shall be entered every day in the year with a large blank.

Professor Meigs, who began the series of observations on the first day of January, 1800, at New-

Haven, notes the indication of the quicksilver in the thermometer thrice a day, at sun-rise, at two o'clock afternoon, and at sun-set; the first being the coldest, the second the warmest, and the third the mean temperature of the natural day. A blank leaf is left in the book after each day, for the purpose of entering *hereafter*, in its place, any singular or memorable events in any part of the earth, however distant: such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, great tempests, or other atmospherical commotions—local or general sickness among the human species or brute animals, the multiplication of insects and reptiles, the prevalence of drought, the occurrence of hail, and all other physical appearances. It is to be desired that the gentlemen who undertake to keep similar records of such events, in different parts of America, may conform, as nearly as possible, to this plan; that thereby a comparison of the different registers may be more easily and exactly made.

A steelyard has been invented by Mr. Benjamin Dearborn, of Massachusetts, in which the centre of motion, centre of gravity, and points of suspension, are so adjusted, that the beam vibrates like a scale-beam, when loaded with weights in equilibrium, and when unloaded. He has obtained a patent for his invention, under the title of the "vibrating steelyard." Besides the advantages of the common steelyard, Mr. D.'s instrument possesses the property of being strictly accurate: it has but two hooks; never requires to be reversed; has the poises adjusted to certain weights, which may be sealed like other weights; gives, by inspection, both *neat* and *gross* hundreds; and may be purchased at a moderate price. Such an improvement in determining the weight of articles bought and sold, ought to attract the notice of house-keepers and dealers of every description, as it is said to possess great advantages for weighing *with ease, dispatch, and certainty*.

Jared Mansfield, of New-Haven, intends to publish a collection of essays, mathematical and physical, in which, among other subjects, there will be a dissertation on the negative sign in algebra, with an explanation of the mathematical limits of *nothing* and *infinity*; a *theory of fluxionary analysis*, and *an explanation of the moon's theory*.

A fourth number of the Transactions of the New-York Society for promoting Agriculture, Arts, and Manufactures, has just been published at Albany.

The varieties of maize, or Indian corn, are very numerous. Its vegetative powers are found to be admirably adapted to the distant climates of Nova-Scotia and the Carolinas, on the American continent. Farmers are not agreed which variety of the grain is most productive. Each soil and latitude undoubtedly has its particular and preferable sort of maize. We mention, however, for the information of our readers, a kind of Indian corn which grew last season on Manhattan Island, at Haerlem. The ear contained *sixteen rows* of grains. These were well ripened, of a middling size, and of a very firm structure. Not a row contained less than *fifty grains*. So that the product of a single ear of maize was more than *eight hundred grains*. It is submitted to the consideration of farmers, whether the cultivation of this variety would not answer an important purpose in husbandry.

A number of gentlemen at Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, have associated for the purposes of science, and formed a constitution under the title of "The Philosophical Society of the State of Delaware."

The Rev. Silas Constant has discovered a cement for preserving wood and brick from decay, and for stopping leaks and fissures, for which he has obtained a patent. It is composed of the following materials, viz. Tar, pulverized coal (charcoal is esteemed the best), and fine, well slacked lime; the coal and lime to be well mixed together, proportioned at about four fifths coal, and one fifth lime; the tar to be heated, and, while hot, thickened with the mixture of coal and lime, until it becomes so hard as that it may be easily spread upon the surface of a board, and not run off when hot. Turpentine or pitch will answer nearly as well as tar, and plaster of Paris will answer instead of lime; to be used in the same manner, and about in the same proportions. The cement must be applied when warm, and is found to be used easiest with a trowel.

Dr. Mitchill's theory of *septon* appears to be gaining ground very rapidly in Europe and America; Dr. Priestley regards it "as a most important discovery, which ranks with the most brilliant that this age, fertile in discoveries, can boast." His nomenclature has been adopted in Italy, and favourably mentioned in France.

Dr. Miller, of New-York, has received from Dr. Pearson, of London, a thread impregnated with the matter of the vaccine disease, for the purpose of inoculation in this country, with a view to its use as a substitute for the small-pox.

A poem, sacred to the memory of General Washington, by Mr. R. Alsop, adapted to the 22d of February, 1800, has just been published.

A funeral Oration on the death of General Washington, delivered by the Rev. John M. Mason, M. A. on the 22d February, has been published by George F. Hopkins.

A funeral Eulogy, occasioned by the death of General Washington, delivered before the New-York State Society of Cincinnati, the 22d February, by the Rev. William Linn, D. D. has just appeared from the press of Isaac Collins.

Our readers will recollect that we announced, in our Magazine for August, 1799, a discovery of a substance for making paper, by Chancellor Livingston. It appears that the Rev. Mr. Senger, of Reck, in Westphalia, has also discovered the same substance for making paper. It is taken from the aquatic plant, called by Linnæus *Conferva rivularis* (Eng. Crow-silk), a vegetable very plentifully growing in all European rivers. The inventor having spent many years in making experiments and perfecting his discovery, is now publishing a circumstantial account of it, from which it appears that the above material furnishes as excellent paper as that obtained from rags, and at less expense.

## Foreign.

Dr. Carradori having made several curious experiments on the respiration of frogs and fishes, says, he is fully convinced that frogs are obliged to respire to preserve their life. He observes, that these animals, if kept under water, lived much longer when the vessels into which they were put were left open, than when they were closely shut, and that the duration of their lives was long or short, in proportion to the extent of the water in which they were caught. On being placed under water which had a thin surface of oil, they lived but a very short time. When put into pure oil, they lived about 40 minutes.

Dr. Carradori, in a letter to M. Lasti, on the Digestive Faculties of Nocturnal Animals of Prey, supposes it no longer doubtful, that birds of prey digest vegetables. It

appears, from his experiments, that these animals support themselves very well on this kind of food, although it appears contrary to their nature. Carradori by this means explodes the erroneous opinion, that the gastric juice of these birds was homogeneous with animal substances. What is here established by the experiments of Dr. Carradori, that carnivorous animals derive nourishment from the produce of plants, now appears very probable from the discovery, made by Fourcroy, of the existence of gluten, albumen, and jelly, in vegetables.

The Rev. W. Tooke, who has already distinguished himself by his valuable publications relative to the Russian empire, is at this time employed upon a history of Russia, from the establishment of the Monarchy by Rurick, to the accession of Catharine the Second.

Dr. Chladni, well known for his important discoveries relating to sound, has lately announced some new facts respecting the animal electricity. He says he has ascertained that animals, which have been supposed to have the electric fluid equally diffused throughout their bodies, are, on the contrary, liable to have it accumulated in certain parts, or that the positive and negative electricity, under certain circumstances, exist in different parts of the same animal. This hitherto unascertained fact has also been recently asserted by Professor Abildgaard, secretary to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen, celebrated for his former discoveries in electricity. He says the positive electricity is frequent in parts affected with the gout, while the other parts of the body are negatively electrified; and suggests that the application of *metallic tractors* would equilibriate the stock of electricity, and thus probably remove the disease.

The population of Berlin, without including the military, amounted in 1796, to 134,647 inhabitants. The military and their families, formed a total of about 26,000; so that this capital offers a mass of about 165,000 individuals.

A Society has been lately established at Abo, in Sweden, under the name of Œconomical Society of Finland; the object of which is to endeavour to ameliorate the country by the propagation of knowledge, advice, and instruction, and to excite emulation by premiums, &c. Two prizes have been already proposed: the first for the composition of an elementary Treatise on Agriculture, for the use of the Finland Peasantry; and the second for the solution of this question, What are the most proper means to excite industry? This society is composed of a number of active, intelligent men, whose zeal will not be limited to mere attempts; their President is M. Gadolin. If Sweden, through its whole extent, were to break up the soil, and transform its vast forests into pasture and arable lands, its power would equal that of most other countries. Lapland, especially, and Finland, would support a population much more considerable than what they contain at this time.

The Rev. Dr. Watkins will speedily publish, in one large volume octavo, an universal Biographical Dictionary, which, in respect to design, will bear the same relation to biography that the ordinary Gazetteers bear to geography. Such a compendious biographical work has long been wanted, and can scarcely fail to be well received by the public.

# POETRY.

*To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,

*The following Poems form part of a collection that was presented me by their lovely Authoreſs, whoſe genius will not confer leſs celebrity on Dacca, the place of her birth and early reſidence, than that of Eliza has on Anjengo. I ſhould be gratified by ſeeing them publiſhed in your collection, that Eleanor may be not leſs known on the banks of Hudſon than on thoſe of the Ganges. They were written at the little Village of Stratford, three miles from Saliſbury (England.) It is painful to relate that this ſweet Aſiatic fell a victim to a conſumption at the age of eighteen, June* 19, 1798.

*I am, Sir, &c.*

JOHN DAVIS.

*New-York, February* 20, 1800.

—

## ODE.

*By* ELEANOR.

WITHIN ſweet Stratford's calm retreat,
Repos'd beneath the woodland glade,
I envy not the gaudy great,
Gay dance by night or maſquerade.
Far other charms my breaſt poſſeſs,
The joys that from reflection come;
The bland diſcourſe, the ſoft careſs
Of him who makes this Cot a Dome!
Then why exchange my calm retreat,
Impervious to unhallow'd feet,
For crowds that ruder paſſions know,
To me inelegant and low?

Bleſt with ſweet eaſe, theſe woods among,
O Muſe benignant hear my lyre!
And on thy ſuppliant's humble ſong,
Beſtow a ſpark of heav'nly fire.
To thy all-conquering, magic ſmile,
I owe my bliſs; the praiſe is thine;
For not the ſtudied glance or wile,
Could keep the heart I boaſt as mine.
Beauty is but a fading roſe,
Of ev'ry paſſing gale the prey;
But ſenſe a longer triumph knows,
Nor will its charms with age decay.

Then Oh! with knowledge feed my ſoul,
Bleſt Muſe! and teach my verſe to roll!

## *The* ADIEU *to the* VILLAGE.

*By the ſame.*

FAREWELL the woodland's calm retreat,
The daiſied mead and flow'ry vale,
Where late I roam'd with careleſs feet,
And carroll'd to the vernal gale.
No Nymph with more true joy was bleſt
Than I, theſe roſeate bow'rs among;
Where, ev'ry care beguil'd to reſt,
The Muſe propitious heard my ſong.
Oh! may ſhe ſtill her ſmiles beſtow,
By far more paſſing ſweet to me,
Than ſleep to one oppreſt with woe,
Or honied-bloſſom to the bee.
Where'er I find my next retreat,
Whether beneath the hill or dale,
Still may my Cot ſweet ſounds repeat,
Soft echoing to my artleſs tale.

## To the EVENING STAR.

*At the Tomb of* ELEANOR.

*By* JOHN DAVIS.

BRIGHT Star of night! ſlow riſing in the weſt,
That glad'ſt the ſeamen bounding on the main,
Thy coming to the world diſpenſes reſt;
Huſh'd is each wave, and tranquil now the plain.

Sweet is thy aſpect to my longing ſight,
When to the tomb I melancholy ſtray,
Where *Eleanor* ſleeps below in darkeſt night,
Whoſe preſence once was like the beam of day.

Her voice was pleaſant as the words of ſong;
Her eyes, bright-ſparkling, flaſh'd with living fire;
Graceful in dance ſhe join'd the mazy throng,
And wak'd to ſofteſt harmony the lyre.

Oh! ye, whoſe hearts, to ſome departed friend
Have ſecret ſigh'd, bent down by tender woe,

Here let your breaſts with ſympathy diſtend
O'er one, whoſe tears for others oft would flow.

If ſouls, no more by earthly bonds controul'd,
Can from the boſom of eternal light,
With piercing eye, this pendant orb behold,
Become immortal by their ætherial flight:

Witneſs! ſweet Seraph! that my mournful lyre
Reſounds the tribute of unceaſing love:
While with a trembling hope my thoughts aſpire,
Once more to meet thee in the realms above!

*Paraphraſe of* Buchanan's *Latin Epigram from the Greek.*

*By the ſame.*

## *To* FLAVIA.

HE who thy lovely face beholds,
Where beauty ev'ry charm unfolds,
Is ſurely bleſt; but more ſo he
Who hears thy voice of harmony.
But more than mortal is the bliſs
Of him who raviſhes a kiſs,
In playful dalliance, from thoſe lips
Where Love his glowing empire keeps:
But quite a God is, ſure, the ſwain
Who feels thee, Flavia, kiſs again;
And from that mouth the gift receives
Which all his ſoul of ſenſe bereaves!

## ODE *on* ASHLEY RIVER.

*By the ſame.*

ON gentle *Aſhley's* winding flood,
Enjoying philoſophic reſt,
I court the calm, umbrageous wood,
No more with baleful care oppreſt.

Or, on its bank ſupinely laid,
The diſtant mead and field ſurvey,
Where branching laurels form a ſhade
To keep me from the ſolar ray.

While flows the limpid ſtream along,
With quick meanders through the grove,
And from each bird is heard the ſong
Of careleſs gaiety and love!

And when the Moon, with luſtre bright,
Around me throws her ſilver beam,
I catch new tranſport from the ſight,
And view her ſhadow in the ſtream.

While *Whip-poor-Will* repeats his tale,
That echoes from the boundleſs plain;
And blytheſome to the paſſing gale,
The *Mocking-Bird* pours out his ſtrain.

Hence with a calm, contented mind,
Pure pleaſure comes without alloy,
Our own felicity we find—
'Tis from the heart ſprings genuine joy.

*On my* HOUSE *at Sullivan's Iſland.*

*By the ſame.*

*En unquam patrios, &c.*

VIR.

RETURNING hither, ſhall I e'er behold
This Muſes' Hall to ſome bread-baker ſold?
Say! ſhall ſome rude mechanic light his fire
Where now I wake to ſofteſt ſtrains the lyre?
Say! ſhall theſe walls that echo'd to my ſong,
To ſome unletter'd Vandal e'er belong?

## ODE *to a* CRICKET.

*By the ſame.*

LITTLE gueſt, with merry throat,
That chirpeſt by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithſome note,
Welcome viſitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney ſafely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt ſhall beat,
Or chaſe thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us ſighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repoſe,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what paſſion moves thy breaſt:
Does ſome flame employ thy care?
Perhaps with love thou art oppreſt,
A mournful victim to deſpair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and ſing, and baniſh care;
Here aſylum thou ſhalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.